

A PROPHET SURVEYS THE UNPROMISING LAND

THE OLD

Arthur Bierwagen has brought to student politics a personality radiating capability and good sense. Sensational decisions do not arise where caution marks firm progress, and if the Students' Union has not been vexed by the problems of the past, it has been due in large measure to the co-operation and wise counsel of its president.



This year has seen the establishing of the Constitutional Enforcement Committee, and its contribution to the smooth functioning of student organizations has already been felt.

With one accord we honour him for the courage and decisiveness of the stand he took on behalf of the students and the faculty, in the religious controversy that arose early in the year.

His term of office is drawing to a close, he leaves to take his station in a wider world, and carries with him the respect and gratitude of those whom he has served. We wish him well.

Gateway Scribe Reviews Union Election Results

And the Lawyer Riley Told the People That Bishop Was a Good Guy and They Believed Him

Parker Kent

And it came to pass that when the world and all its parts thereof had been smitten for five years with plague and pestilence, the people cried out in a loud voice saying, Alas, woe is us for our leaders have not delivered us and where shall we turn for deliverance?

And Bierwagen, that man of high words, came forth from the temple and looked upon the people with wrath, saying, Verily have not we the chief priests wrought great works, and yet ye still cry out! Have not we wrestled and overthrown the constitution?

And he continued for the space of several hours saying, Have not we given ye blazers, and have not we given ye permission to sit at our councils and violate the tabernacle?

And when it seemed that Bierwagen had done, Epstein, his right hand man, spake until the sun had set and risen seven times and awed the multitude with his wisdom. And on the eighth day they assembled themselves in the valley of convocation, and it was given unto Bierwagen that his time and the time of his councillors was come for the handwriting was on the walls, and Tuck, that faithful scribe, interpreted it and said, Let's call it a day, Art, and give these other eggs a chance.

Wherefore lots were cast, and it fell unto Edward of a long line of Bishops to vie with Jack of the tribe of McIntosh for chief place, and they spake mightily at great length and to little purpose, but yet they were held in great esteem, for they had not yet been tried.

And the lawyer Riley told the people that Bishop was a good guy and they believed him. And Arnold, that venerable patriarch, told the people that McIntosh was even better and they believed him, for his white beard bore witness and they rejoiced mightily in that it was his own.

And it came to pass that in the process of time all but one man assembled in the valley of Convocation had spoken, and this man was Malone, unto whom it was not given that he should run, for he was a scribe for the Philistines and took down all that was said.

And after the people had spoken, gladness reigned in the hearts of all, for it seemed that deliverance was surely at hand.

Wherefore it came to pass that after a day of feasting in the tents called in the Hebrew "Tuckshop," all the people of that region gathered together in the temple which had been raised in worship to the false goddess called Nicotine, to whom young men paid homage in raising smoke and fire, they being forbidden to worship in the halls.

And it was given to each that he might choose between those seeking high place, for many were called but few could be chosen.

And when the lots were chosen, it was seen that the choice had fallen unto Bishop, and from that hour forth Bishop had many friends, for was he not now the big shot of the tribe?

And Bierwagen and Tuck and McIntosh and Epstein and Burns, and Collins, and Borgal and Wilson and Donald and Swallow and Chapman, and Bergman and Carlyle and Smith, who were elders and priests hitherto but had forsaken the laws and been themselves cast aside and forsaken, went out into the wilderness and wept and gnashed their teeth, but it availed them nothing for they were cast aside even as a goldfish cast aside a paramour or other infusoria plaything of which it has grown tired.

And Bierwagen cried out to the people that they should rue the day upon which they had cast him aside for Bishop, but the people heard him not, for Bishop smiled upon them as a hen smiles upon her chicks, and the news ran that Casper had found a little boy in the crowd who had five

(Continued on Page Five)

VICE-PRESIDENT



MARGERY MACKENZIE

Who Wednesday was elected Vice-President of the Students' Union. Miss MacKenzie will succeed Margaret Smith.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY SPONSORS CONTEST

Come on, folks, let's go philosophical! Get into an essay contest; have a lot of fun and the chances of \$100. Do I see the egoist calmly raising his left eyebrow and with that slightly condescending look disagreeing? Well, it's facts you must need, and here they are.

The Philosophical Society is holding an essay contest on April 12 in Convocation Hall from 9 to 12 a.m. All entries will be handed a list of several topics, on one of which they are to write an essay.

The contest is open to all undergraduates of the University, and application should be made to Mr. Taylor, secretary of the Philosophical Society, before April 6, if you wish to enter. A committee of the executive will be chosen to judge the essays.

Three prizes are to be offered for this contest:

First prize \$100.00
Second prize 50.00
Third prize 25.00

Last year Mr. Bill Epstein was the lucky winner. Are you going to be this year?

NOTICE

Applications in writing for contract to operate a Students' Book Exchange in the Arts Building at the fall commencement will be received in the Students' Union office up to 12 o'clock on April 3rd.

Contract will be based on terms approved by the Executive Committee of the Students' Council at its meeting of March 20.

BY ORDER.

BUILDING FUND RESERVE

The Building Fund Reserve which was set up last week by the Students' Council represents a definite step towards the achievement of a Students' Union Building at some time in the future. The last payment on the Covered Rink was made last term, and last spring the student body, in view of the three-dollar rink fee being no longer necessary, voted a yearly fee of \$1.00 to take care of operating deficit, maintenance and replacement of the Covered Rink. It is now intended to absorb the operating deficit out of Students' Union General funds, and to place the one-dollar fee in the Building Reserve Fund which will be used for three purposes: major repairs on the rink, replacement of the rink when such is necessary, and the erection at some future date of a Students' Union Building. Thus the original intention of the one-dollar levy passed by the students is in no way disturbed, and at the same time a definite amount may be set aside each year towards a fund which will ultimately be not only large enough to replace the rink, but also to help considerably in the erection of a Union gymnasium or similar building. The annual surpluses of the Year Book, Gateway, and Students' Union General will also be placed in the fund, and thus it is estimated that the fund will grow at the rate of at least \$2,000 a year—not including interest. The present Covered Rink Reserve of some \$2,100 will also be placed in the fund.

THE NEW

"I wish at this time, as recently elected President of the Students' Union, to tank all those who supported me at Wednesday's election."

It is my earnest desire that for the coming year every individual of our student body will find some activity in which his or her loyalty to a unified Union can find expression.

I realize the diversity of interests on the campus, and believe a successful year can come only from the harmonious working of the representatives of those within the Council. Co-operation within the student body, co-operation within the Council, and co-operation on the part of each with respect to the University authorities and with the faculty are, in my mind, the keystones to success."



EDWARD BISHOP.

Rabbi Eissen Addresses Student Sunday Service

"RELIGION AND SOCIAL THEORIES"

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions."

With the college term drawing to a close it was indeed appropriate that the last of the monthly student services for this session should deal with a modern problem, the relation of religion to social theories, and that the speaker should be a representative of the race which first applied their religion to the social theories of their time. In opening his address, Rabbi J. J. Eissen divorced his remarks from any connection with the problems of social credit under either Major Douglas or Mr. Aberhart. Instead he dealt with the problem of religion and social needs as it existed in the days of the wanderings of the tribes of Israel and with the fundamental principles as they apply today.

Past history has shown that with every century there have been periods of depression and times of opulence. Days of feasting have of necessity given way to days of fasting, and the same condition exists today. In every time of plenty the contrast between the condition of the rich and the poor has been accentuated, and in these times prophets have arisen to denounce the state of affairs existing. Perhaps nowhere do we find a greater number of records of the calls for justice than in the books of the Old Testament. The tribes of Israel were periodically visited by famine, by plagues, and by pestilence. These were followed by days of prosperity and wealth, and it was then that the prophets appeared before the kings and rulers and denounced the conditions which resulted in such inequality among men.

The great Hebrew prophets have been accused of prophesying for their people a very material reward for times of depression:

"And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with wine and oil."

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the caterpillar, and the caterpillar."

Were this the whole prophesy the charge might be justified. As such it is essentially a selfish reward for a small part of the world. But instead we find also the statement:

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I shall pour out my spirit upon all flesh."

The reward was for all nations and was spiritual as well as material.

Today the world finds itself in a critical era, industrial depression is around us on all sides, millions are unemployed, and Europe seems a seething mass of humanity poised on the brink of the volcano of war. Never before in history has there been a time when there was such a need for a reconstruction of our social theories to fit the needs of men. Once again a great prophet is needed, one who will arise and lead the world to a new vision of the future, a leader who can control the emotions of his people and direct their activities into channels of usefulness rather than destruction.

What has religion to offer in this time of world crisis? Is there not some fundamental principle in the spiritual beliefs of the world which can escape from the barriers of race and creed and unite the world into a brotherhood

MR. BROWNLEE DISCOUNTS CLAIMS OF SOCIAL CREDIT

Voicing a decided note of optimism and confidence in the future, Mr. J. E. Brownlee, former premier of the province, Friday addressed a meeting of the Political Science Club, the subject being, "Problems of Economic Recovery." Mr. Brownlee outlined some of the difficulties facing statesmen today in their attempts at reconstruction.

"One of the primary problems of the times," said Mr. Brownlee, "is the need that the people of this province be honestly and thoroughly informed of existing conditions." He went on to point out that many irresponsible people are trying to take advantage of the depression in order to get various radical schemes into operation.

The speaker said he believed that too much emphasis was being placed on the unemployment problem itself, while the fundamental causes were, as yet, unsolved. He then went on to consider the debt question, and voiced the fact that the only solution lay in some measure of debt repudiation.

Another vital problem yet to be dealt with is the matter of the disposal of the national products of our country, especially western grown wheat. Mr. Brownlee went on to discount the claims of Social Credit groups in the matter of lowering of interest rates and payments of basic dividends to all adults in the province. He also saw that the only way of getting away from the movement of mass psychology was by more education.

In conclusion, Mr. Brownlee stated that he believed we are now entering into the recovery stage of the depression, as shown by better business and improved world conditions. He believed that the time is not far distant when university students will be welcomed into society, and will lead the world into a new period of prosperity.

NOTICE

The last House Dance will be held in the Upper Gym tonight.

FOUND

Many fountain pens and eversharp pencils are waiting to be claimed at the Publicity Department office, 152 Arts.

ED. McCORMICK.

Valedictory Exercises Held Tuesday Afternoon

Clock "In Absentia" Presented by Senior Class—But With No Extra Charge

On Tuesday afternoon the students of the graduating class of '35 received their official farewell from the University. Dean Kerr, who opened the exercises with his address, was introduced by Dick Burns, the president of the senior class. Dean Kerr thanked the members of the graduating class for appointing him their honorary president. In his address, he explained that he was not going to give advice to the students leaving the University and going out into a busy world, and in this way was setting up a precedent.

He did, however, express the hope that the students, during their stay in the University, had gained the ability to look at all sides of a question clearly and impartially, and in this way get a broader outlook on life. He realized there would be difficulties to face, and advised that if they should be taken "with the chin up" they would probably be overcome. In closing, he wished all members of the class success and happiness.

The Junior Critique, given by Hazel Sutherland, brought a message from the junior class, expressing their regrets that the senior members must leave, and also thanking them for the example they had set, and their co-operation. A wish was expressed that the members of the graduating class would have happy landings in whatever they undertook.

The Alumni Association, represented by Mr. Taylor, in the absence of Mr. Roy C. Jackson, the president of the association, invited all members of the graduating class to become part of the association. Mr. Taylor told of the aims and achievements of this body in keeping in touch with the graduates of other years, and in aiding members of the same class to keep in touch with each other. He invited the class to a dinner to be held in their honor, in Athabasca Hall, on the evening before graduation, which invitation was duly accepted by Mr. Burns on behalf of the class.

In his valedictory address, Mr. Ted F. Donald expressed the opinion that what was gained for an University education was not merely book learning, but something higher and finer, a model by which to mould the rest of our lives. Each individual now has the instruments with which to shape his or her life, and what use is made of these instruments is altogether up to the individual himself from now on.

The presentation of the class gift to the University was made by Mr. Burns, the gift being a clock to be hung in the rotunda of the Arts Building. Mr. Burns explained that every class executive likes to do something original, and in this way the senior class executive this year is no exception. Their originality was achieved by presenting the class gift "in absentia," and in this point had received remarkable co-operation from the eastern manufacturers of the clock.

Dr. Wallace accepted the gift of the graduating class on behalf of the University, in his address remarking on the suitability and usefulness of such a gift. He compared this year's gift to that of the gift of the class of '30, which was a sun-dial, and which records only the sunny hours. Students who are graduating this year, during their life at the University, have seen many hours, probably more of them

SECRETARY



GEORGE CASPER

Who has been lately promoted from stage-hand to secretary as a result of the Union elections.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE TO BE GIVEN THURSDAY

An illustrated lecture on Dinosaurs will be given by George F. Sternberg in Convocation Hall, Thursday, March 28, at 8:30. The lecture, illustrated by slides, will deal with the finding of fossils, how they are extracted, prepared and set up. There are slides of various species of dinosaurs and their habitats.

The dinosaur which Mr. Sternberg excavated from the Red Deer river bed in 1921 is being set up, and will be on display in the geology laboratory for the first time on Thursday. This specimen is "Corythosaurus Casuaris Brown," a duck-billed, plantain eating, web-footed animal. It measures 30 feet in length and 10 feet in height. The fossil is fairly complete and is mounted in its natural pose, just as it was found. This is the first complete specimen to be set up in Alberta, and is the only one of its type on record.

Mr. Sternberg is an international mounting expert, and has made an extensive study of the dinosaur, and his lecture should be most interesting. There will be no admission charge.

dark than sunny, and like a clock have recorded them all, sunny or dull.

The exercises were closed by the singing of "God Save the King," with Mr. L. H. Nichols at the organ.

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BACH RECITAL TO BE GIVEN SUNDAY AFTERNOON

All over the continent, during this month, celebrations of the 250th anniversary of the birth of J. S. Bach are being held. It has been thought fitting by the University Musical Club that similar commemoration be made at the University. Accordingly, at the kind suggestion of Prof. L. H. Nichols, a program of selections from the works of Bach will be presented in Convocation Hall on Sunday, March 24, 1935, at 4 p.m. The Musical Club extends an invitation to the public and to the students of the University in particular, to take advantage of this splendid program. Prof. Nichols, whose organ recitals have been so greatly appreciated by the members of the student body, will present the following selections:

Fanatsia in G,
Passacaglia,
Prelude in B Minor,
Dorian Toccata and Fugue,
Six Organ Chorals.

The University Musical Club feels that the meetings of the organization could conclude in no more appropriate fashion than in presenting such a program. It is greatly hoped that students, in spite of the pressure of approaching examinations, will attend this recital, whose calibre, it goes without saying, will be of the very highest.

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TIME MARCHES ON!

Tempus fugit mightily, and although we do not understand why it should be, the fact is that there is no pause in this mortal world, nothing is eternal, and to many of us the time has now come when we must pack up our things and go forth from these halls never to return as students or as youths. It isn't a thing to get maudlin over, for it can't be helped; it's bigger than we are, and operates on all alike, wherever they may be or what they may do. The saddest fact the graduate has to face is that when he takes his official farewell of youth he is entering on that half of life in which he is destined to play a losing battle. He has risen to his full flush of physical vigor, his mind has been given its final impetus, and he may even still cling to a few illusions, particularly if he has had everything done for him previously. But he is not long abroad in the world of affairs before he is beset by vexations, puzzles and worries varying in intensity according to circumstances before the onslaught of which he is too busy developing a protective shell to meditate on how quickly he's losing his muscle and his mental elasticity, or, if indeed filial protection is still available, he readily slips into the stagnant waters of complacency, where he slowly but surely subsides until some day his suddenly surprised visage slips from sight with only a little floating bubble to mark the spot where he disappeared from the sight of men. In our opinion, a committee should be appointed to do something about all this.

THIS THING STUDENT SPIRIT.

One parting shot we would like to deliver to those to whom we throw from falling hands the torch of Varsity student ship. Don't under any circumstances let yourselves be stampeded into embracing an artificially designed student spirit. If that mysterious and indefinable thing is, as it is alleged from time to time by fulminating aesthetes, lacking on this campus, it is lacking because it hasn't any reason to be here, and it never will be here until its own good and proper time. The present generation of Alberta students is made up of young people coming from a generation of pioneers who have been too much concerned with facing the stern realities of carving out a basis of community livelihood where only fifty years ago was a wilderness, to spend much time in fostering a cultural atmosphere in which might be raised young people who would have read and discussed all the latest theories on politics, art, religion and literature, and who, regardless of their vocational aims, would have such a background as to make them the material from which a true cultural student spirit springs. The time will come when these halls will foster young people of this type, but it is not yet, and meantime let's go on with the business we're here for, namely, to get what culture we can over and above what we came here with and what our parents had, and get out to take over the job of adulthood and embellish the background which stands ready for us and is in sad need of a coat of paint.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The summery atmosphere of the Frosh was most refreshing—marking quite a departure from the usual formal dance. The crowd entered into the spirit of the thing, and all varieties of costume, from crisp prints to cool summer organdies, appeared. Apparently no one had the courage to come, as the posters invited, in his "breeziest sportswear"—so there were no tennis shorts or bathing suits.

CLOCK CHAT.

Another good idea was the Senior Class gift, an electric clock for the rotunda of the Arts Building. Unfortunately, there goes one of our favourite excuses for barging into our 8:30's at 8:45.

Class '36 would be conferring a boon on co-eds by donating a clock for Pembina that would lose 15 minutes around 11:30 every night.

Speaking of clocks—we liked Dick Burns' touching explanation of the old clock's decrepitude. He explained that it had run down with regret for the departure of class '35. It's a warning though that something will miss us—if only an old clock.

Another moving sight was the appearance together on election day of rival candidates. So many of them were going about lovingly, two by two, the suspicion has arisen that they were keeping a wary eye on each other, to prevent any surreptitious cigar-scattering or baby-kissing.

PHARMACISTS REVIEW TERM'S ACTIVITIES

A talkie film of "Modern Merchandising" was presented at the Macdonald Hotel Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Pharmacy students and the overtown druggists. The film was under the auspices of the Alberta National Drug and Chemical Co., and was entertaining as well as instructive.

The Pharmacy Club has had an exceptionally enjoyable and helpful season. A series of supper-meetings has proven most delightful. Social activities have been well managed and thoroughly enjoyed. To cap the climax the formal banquet, now an annual affair, is to be held at the Macdonald on Saturday night. The recent display was indeed an accomplishment in itself.

The success of the club for this season is due to the ability of the president and the conscientiousness of the executive. The enthusiastic support of the entire club has also gone a long way toward making this a successful club year.

NOTICE

Applications for the position of Director of the 1935-36 Handbook will be received by the Secretary in the Students' Union Office up until noon, Wednesday, March 27th.

The appointment of such Director will be made subject to the terms set forth by the Students' Council at its meeting of March 14th.

NOTICE

The University Library, until the end of April, will remain open from 8:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. on every week except Saturday, when it will be closed at 1 p.m.

NEW SPRING STYLES in SUITS and TOPCOATS

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The train was coming fast;
The train got off the railway track
And let the Senior pass.

Little Audrey now is dead,
A toast to her we lately quaffed.
Someone slugged her on the head
Because she laughed, and laughed,
and laughed.—Sheaf.

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A Return To Romanticism

By what decree of fate were you and I destined to be born in an age when a thunderbolt is no longer a reverberation from Thor's hammer, but a report due to the sudden disturbance of air produced by a violent discharge of atmospheric electricity, an age when a rainbow is no longer a mystic image of fused color suspending a pot of gold somewhere over the horizon, but an arc of all the prismatic colors formed by refraction and reflection of rays of light from drops of rain appearing in the heavens, opposite the sun; an age when even a flower is no longer a fragrant promise of God's unrevealed beauty, but a fusion of chemicals! Yes, romanticism is moribund; for some, extinct. Realism has deposed fancy and enthroned fact.

The twentieth century coddles its young hopefuls, telling them in solemn tones to "take fast hold of learning, for she is thy life." And meanwhile, life and romance pass by on the other side of the highway.

How intolerable life must be for those who adhere stoically to hard fact, who neglect, or even laugh to scorn, the romantic mood of release. Escape! Get away from the banality, the sordidness and the cruelty of here and now. Loosen the thronged leashes of the spirit, give full play to those untamed parts of your being, those romantic impulses.

Today the world is overrun with deluded souls who feel that they have no place, no need for romance in their scheme of life. This could not be! We are all thirsty for romance. Which one of us has not succumbed at some time to an overwhelming desire to become a poet—or a lover!—for at least one moment of lucidity or vacuity. But, no! "The splendid clarity of our intelligence and the remorseless honesty of our intellect" makes us shift uneasily at the mere passing of the thought.

We all create Nervonas to satiate our desire to grasp romance. But what avenues of escape are open to us in a civilization permeated with

CLAUDIUS, THE GOD

By Robert Graves

"Claudius the God and His Wife Messalina" is the complete title of this book of fascination. Although it will make excellent reading to the last word, we are informed upon good authority that it cannot be taken as affording an accurate picture of Roman life. Robert Graves has raked all the high-lights of the period, giving a highly-colored account. The result is as typical of those times as a tale of Hollywood's gay life would be of our mode of living.

We were particularly interested in the account of the cult of the Druids in England. The description of their rites is excellent—and of the weird trials and tribulations which aspiring members had to go through in order to reach the highest priestly ranks. It was somewhat peculiar to read of Claudius discoursing wisely on the barbarities of those Saxons.

The tale is again shot through with accounts of campaigns fought, and even more enjoyable than in "I, Claudius," an account of the great British invasion of this period. Claudius uses his excellent brain with surprising strategic results, and elephants and camels enliven the picture.

In Rome, Claudius is occupied in successfully putting his empire to sieges of Tiberius and Caligula. All is going so merrily as a marriage bell, or rather as lack of marriage bells, until Claudius discovers what was an old story to the rest of the world. For the Lady Messalina, though one of the most beautiful women of the world, was also one of the most sensuous. Aside from her amazingly numerous affairs, she had been treacherous, duping her husband and emperor to gain her own ends, often at the expense of the lives of others. The discovery of this demonstrated to Claudius what he considered the defects of the rule of one man over a dissolute world, and the comparative advantages of his long-desired Republic.

Therefore, able administration and public reforms were dispensed with, the path was paved for the future rule of Nero, vicious and cruel, and all was done to make the people heartily sick and tired of the rule of one man—at the expense of goodwill, fame and fortune. Surprised? Yes, but the whole book in all its considerations makes it possible.

—M. J. F.

realism? There is still the escap of wonder for those who are able to think of the sky as a great inverted bowl of brightest blue, or for those who can think of the world resting comfortably on the most capable and capacious shoulders of the giant Atlas, without evincing a sneer of contempt. This mythological highway is open to few, but how happy are those who may travel it.

Some of us glean our modicum of romance from adventure. True, this is difficult in a country where, "beyond the blue horizon" means just another vista of service stations, billboards and hot-dog stands. But we still may have imaginative adventures into the land of sky-blue waters.

Religion, once the Great Romance, and the warmest of all escapes from an austere present, has become for most of us a strenuous pursuit of truth in an attempt to build up a religious system suitable to our own requirements. This is not a release from facts, but a new necessity for prodding into and facing them. Religion may be still open new highways of romance for us where brutal reality is mitigated by the awe-inspiring presence of divinity.

The last great avenue of escape, that of romantic love, has lost most of its mystical value. Young people of today who are in love poke fun at themselves and are cynical about the emotion that is overwhelming them. However, the romantic will not deny himself the romance of love simply because he realizes that love rests on the substratum of biologic fact. He knows that the human imagination has built on that fact and not accountable to it. Of course your idol has feet of clay, but that does not destroy the fact that he has a perfectly delicious dimple.

But still facts must be sovereign in the external world; man dare not destroy them—but in the creative world of the imagination, romance may have undisputed ascendancy—unless our sensitivity has been jaded by hustle and bustle and confusion. Science may feed us and the realistic outlook toughen our minds. But if we are born with an insatiable yearning for apple pie à la mode, the knowledge of the caloric value of its lush delicacy will not appease our appetite.

She was only an electrician's daughter, but she sure gave me an awful shock.

Such Things Do Happen

Louis Blake Duff, of Welland, Ont., a retired newspaper editor, who now has time to sit back and recall the amusing incidents connected with press life, has assembled some of the mistakes which have happened in well meaning newspaper offices.

Amongst the tragedies, he records the one of the two rival editors who had fought bitterly for years. Death overtook one of them, and the other sought to make amends for the past by a kindly obituary. Unfortunately the obituary got mixed up with a story of a fire and the report under the tribute read: "When the beautiful casket was lowered to its last resting place, lurid flames shot upward."

Another well meaning writer spoke of a respected citizen's "smouldering remains" being removed from an old cemetery to a new one.

A case in which ads were mixed disastrously read, "Born to Mr. and Mrs. McShort, a son, with hot water attachments."

Another advertiser adjured his public: "We want your eggs and we want them bad," while going still farther on another occasion he said, "I am now in a position to hatch your eggs." A society note recorded, "Mrs. Gallup has been taken to the hospital for operation. Her gasoline station will be closed indefinitely."

A sad story of an accident told, "Dr. Hulton had felt his purse, and gave up all hope."

HOUSE EC. CLUB

The last meeting of the University Household Economics Club is being held in S-235, Thursday, March 28. The annual election of officers will be held.

Miss Margaret Crang, prominent University graduate and well known local alderman, will address the meeting on some of the economic aspects of the forthcoming elections.

Science tells us that woman's voice has the range of a grand organ. But, of course, fewer stops!—U. of W. Ont. Gazette.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ESSAY PRIZE

This year the Philosophical Society is again sponsoring its unique essay competition. This competition, testing as it does the ability of students to think clearly and write elegantly, with no opportunity to "slog" up material beforehand, is one of the most keenly contested events of the academic year.

Last year the Philosophical Society inaugurated this competition, and the unparalleled success of the venture has induced them to repeat this year. The prize of one hundred dollars is no mean award in itself—but the distinction of winning the award is one of the highest honors that the University can confer on any student. Unlike an examination, it is a reflection of the considered opinions which have come to maturity as a result of the student's own mental pondering on the facts and learning he has accumulated during the entire period of his education. It is a test of his powers of discrimination and his ability to properly weight fluctuating values.

Indications are that there will be a large entry list again this year. The subjects assigned for the impromptu essay are of such a general nature that any student, no matter what his faculty, has an equal chance to win the coveted award.

The University and the student body are greatly indebted to the Philosophical Society for sponsoring the competition again this year. It is to be hoped that the winning essays will again be published by the leading newspapers of the province.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Edmonton Normal School, built long ago, when Varsity students didn't have to "roll their own," and the Government played the role of Santa Claus, now is useful only for proud Edmontonians to point out to visitors as one of the fine buildings in the city. The other fine buildings, so Calgarians say, have also been built by the Government. Except for the University Extension Library, a few classes for practice teaching, five janitors, and several families of mice, the building is quite vacant.

We in the buildings a few blocks south of the Normal School are acutely conscious of the overcrowded condition of the University. The need for a library and an administration block has been felt for some years. Each year changes have to be made to better utilize space. The library is almost always stuffed with students, and the exhibits in the museum cannot be properly exhibited. Convocation Hall has to be used as a drawing lab., and any time now the Covered Rink may be commandeered for scholastic work.

If the Normal School is not to be used for the next few years, and from the large crop of pedagogues discharged from the other two provincial schools yearly, and the number of teachers looking for schools, it would seem this is unlikely. Why not turn the building over to the University for their use?

To use it for administration or as a library would be unprofitable, because of its distance from the Arts and Med buildings. Nor could labs. be moved to it, for this would be too expensive. But schools, such as Pharmacy, Law, or any others that do not have to go outside their own faculties for lectures, could quite easily be transferred.

THE STUDENT UNION ELECTIONS

This year's election was marked by the very close majorities with which the successful candidates were elected. Without exception the defeated candidates were only beaten by the narrowest margins.

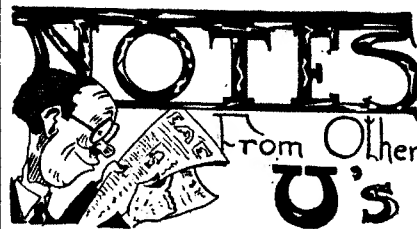
The new Council, of course, in the opinion of the graduates are not as able as their successors. This increasing degeneracy of each succeeding class that graduates from the University should be a matter of grave concern. In fact, at the present time, if previous graduating classes have been justified in their fears, we are now at a very low level.

We, however, are forced to discount our alarm in view of past forecasts, and imagine this year's Council will be no worse, and perhaps even better, than last year's.

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College Ethics

College should develop in the individual a sense of responsibility. If a college student is incapable of responding to responsibility, he should not be in college. Moral and ethical weaklings should not be hampered by any college rulings. Ultimately, only the fittest will survive in the scheme of life; education may prolong survival, but it cannot affect it.

Classes should be offered for only those who are sufficiently intelligent to recognize their value. Upper classmen, after their orientation, should not need incentive other than their own intellectual curiosity to make them attend classes. Punishment in one form or another for "cutting" classes is inconsistent with this policy.

Students should shoulder their own burden. If they have no desire to learn, education cannot be thrust down the recesses of their minds by compulsory attendance rules. In life they will find no "cut" rules to help them. If college purports to fit students for the world, it should foster independent individual education.

"Cut" rules are not fair to the individual; they favor the mediocre. To work or to loaf, it is a problem of the individual. As individuals, students should be allowed to solve their own "cut" problems. In the end, it is a wiser game.—Boston University News.

The University of Southern California now has a 35-minute recess period every morning from 9:25 to 10. The lull will be filled with chats with friends, or attendance at the assembly programs which have been planned for this recess. Most students there agree that it is a good time for encouraging social contacts, opening mail, or sleeping.—Northwestern.

Student Constructs Portable Domicile
Bloomington, Ind.—"Own your own home" is the motto of Robert Wemm, 38, who has towed his own house on wheels all the way from Cicero, Ind., to its present location—a vacant lot in the 300 block on South Dunn street. He plans to remain there for the entire school year.

Webb's "portable domicile," built entirely by himself, is made of wood, is 18 feet long, eight feet high and is mounted on the chassis of an old-model touring car.

"I came up here early last summer to locate a lot for my house," Webb said when questioned concerning his plans. "I believe this method of living will be of considerable saving to me throughout the year."

The house is complete with cot, table, rocking chair, kerosene lamp, mail box and house number. And as for water supply—25 gallons obtained from a next-door neighbor does for a month at a total cost of four cents. Webb is well satisfied with his present dwelling, which lacks only a foundation, front door steps and a chimney.—McGill Daily.

Tired Are Insane, Says Professor
"When one is tired, he is insane," according to Floyd C. Dockeray, professor of psychology at Ohio State University, commenting on the remark that "most of the insane are fatigued."

"Legally insanity is 'an incapability of responsibility for one's action.' Psychologically, insanity is simply a maladjustment to conditions." Continuing, Prof. Dockeray said: "After a long day of classes the tired student is nervous and jumpy and things that he would ordinarily let pass, get on his nerves. These symptoms are identical to those experienced by the insane."—Northwestern.

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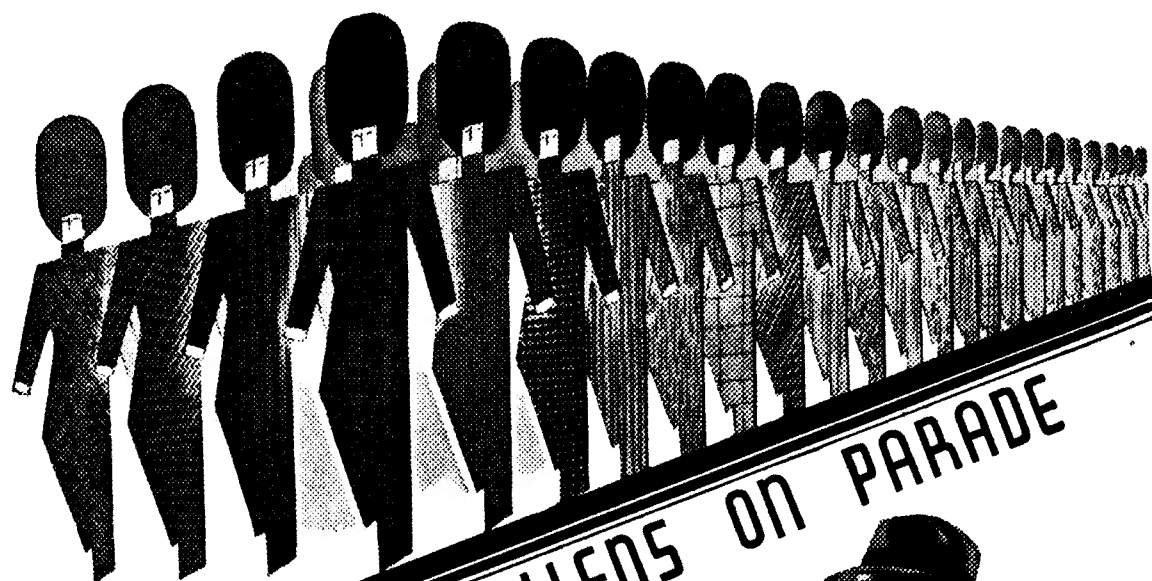
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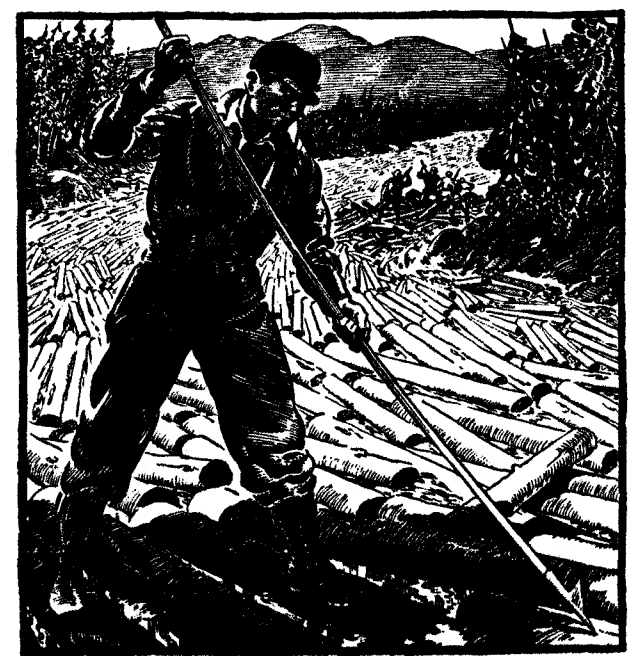
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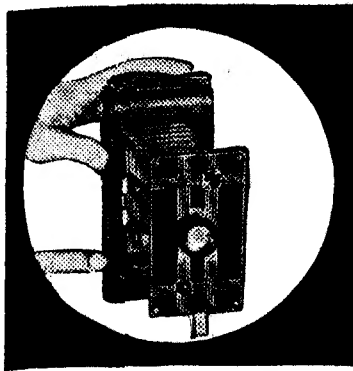
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THE THEATRES

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EMPRESS THEATRE—March 25, 26, 27, Mon., Tues. and Wed.: Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

PRINCESS THEATRE—March 23, 25, 26, Sat., Mon. and Tues.: Will Rogers in "Judge Priest."

RIALTO THEATRE—March 22 to 28: Paul Muni and Bette Davis in "Bordertown."

A Prophet's Surbey

(Continued from Page One)

cigars and five suckers, and Casper had prevailed upon the boy to render them unto Bishop, who had pulled more than one rabbit out of a hat.

And it came to pass that Bishop cried out in a voice not so loud as Bierwaghen's but loud enough to be heard, that a new dispensation was at hand and the land would flow with milk and honey before the people had yet come unto their homes.

And Bishop called upon Casper, his right hand man, and Ringwood, his left hand man, and these three swore that they would awaken the dead among other things, and the people nodded to each other and spake saying this is what is needed around here.

And the generation of priests ran thusly: Mackenzie was vice-president, Casper was scribe, Brown was tax-gatherer, the literary society begat Ringwood and Garrett, the women's athletics begat Cogswell and Barnett, the tribe of Amazonites begat Macleod and Heath, the men's athletics begat Gale and Scott, the astrologers begat Poole, the soothsayers begat Prowse and the tillers of the earth begat Chattaway.

And the people looked upon these prophets and cried, It is good, but there were those who shook their heads and said, It is not so good.

And then Bishop said unto his people, It is given unto me that I should rule over you, so get ye now to your homes and plug up your courses that when the roll is called in the McDougall tabernacle ye shall find yourselves numbered among the chosen, for verily I say unto you, it is not given unto all of you to pass.

And he rendered unto them a parable saying that a certain man had two sons and the elder went to University and wasted away his inheritance in riotous living and twitting,

Students desiring to purchase the new official University blazer and crest are referred to the following regulations governing their use:

1. The official blazer may be worn by the following persons only: (1) members of the Students' Union as defined in sections II and III of the Students' Union Act; (2) graduates of the University; and (3) former members of the Students' Union who, though undergraduates and not at present in attendance, are taking University courses at the Summer Sessions here.

2. The official crest may be worn on no other garment than the official blazer.

3. No crests or insignia other than the official crest, faculty crests, or official University of Alberta athletic awards, shall be worn on the official blazer.

4. The official blazer may be worn by all years; the official crest, or faculty crests, may be worn by all years excepting Freshmen and Fresh Sophomores.

5. Faculty clubs may adopt distinctive faculty crests of such design as each club shall see fit to specify.

Official blazers may be secured from the firm of Johnstone Walker, Edmonton.

Official crests may be ordered at the University Book Store.

BY ORDER OF THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

so that when he came before the Pharisees and they enquired of him what X-Y equalled he said, God knows, and was plucked.

And the maiden upon whom he cast covetous eyes would have none of him but gave to his brother instead, who had stayed at home and made one potato grow into a thousand. And Bishop said, Now which would ye rather be, the erring brother or the toiler among spuds?

And the multitude which had been taught by Bierwaghen cried out and answered saying, The toiler among spuds!

And Bishop reproved them saying that the other brother had at least had a good time while it lasted.

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO SMARTEST Spring and Easter Fashions



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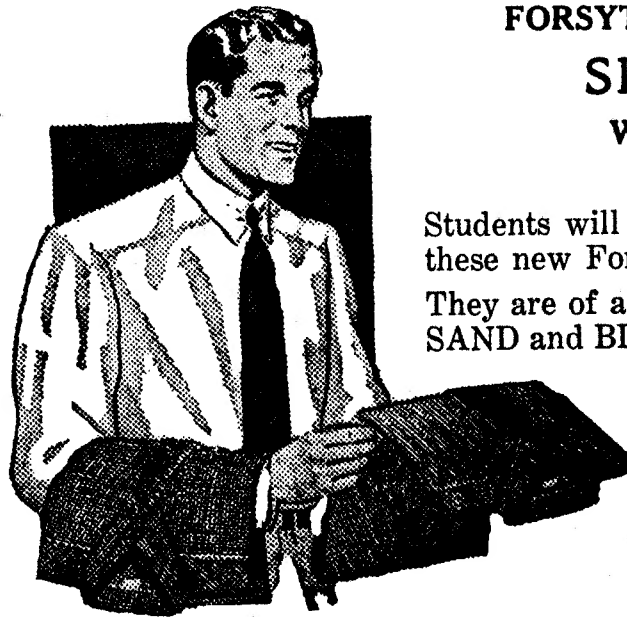
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THANKS

Mr. Bill Scott would like to take this opportunity to thank his nominators and electors, and promises to do all in his power to help make 1935-36 Men's Athletics a banner year.

A bogus professor lectured for four months in a Russian University talking nonsense on subjects he knew nothing about. Then one day a student detected him—some guy with an attack of insomnia.

Last Liners Ahoy!

In a vote for most popular student One chap was far seeing and prudent, Passed out Buckingham Smokes To the gals and the blokes

YOU FILL IN THE LAST LINE!

For the best last line for the above Limerick received at the address below, on or before the 31st March, the makers of Buckingham Cigarettes will award a tin of 100 Buckinghams free.

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SPORT HEADS FOR 1935-36



HERB GALE

Popular medico, who was elected President of Men's Athletics. Herb has a strong program, and should steer a straight course next term.



AMY COGSWELL

Prominent athlete and past secretary of Woman's Athletics, who was elected as President of Woman's Athletics this week.

Cogswell and Gale Take Helm Of University Athletics

IRENE BARNETT ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT

Succeeding Kay Swallow as President of Women's Athletics, Amy Cogswell was elected by a big majority last Wednesday at the Students' Union elections, to guide the destinies of co-ed athletics at the University for the coming 1935-36 season. Amy served her executive apprenticeship this last year as secretary of Women's Athletics, besides being a prominent figure in campus athletics. For the past three years Miss Cogswell has been a star performer on the Varsity cage team, and hopes to carry on the good work during the coming year.

Irene Barnett, elected as secretary of Women's Athletics, is also a prominent co-ed athlete. Besides starring on the basketball courts and acting in the capacity of captain of the squad this year, Irene has also aided materially in making the Varsity track team what it has been these last two seasons. Much good work is expected from these two girls as they steer the course for co-ed athletics next season.

BILL SCOTT ELECTED SECRETARY

Polling a vote of 924, Herb Gale, popular young Med student was elected to direct men's athletic activity on the campus for the 1935-36 season at the recent Students' Union elections on Wednesday. Herb steps into a position vacated by the very able Don Wilson, and expects to carry on the good work done by his predecessor. Gale has been interested in athletics since his arrival at the University, playing on interfac rugby teams, and last fall was the manager of the senior rugby team. He has a very definite program to work on which, if it is carried out, will materially aid athletics in this institution.

Among other things, Gale hopes to create a permanent travelling fund for Varsity teams, give greater support to interfaculty activities, and create a permanent advisory board composed of past officers of the Men's Athletic Executive and members of the faculty to act in an advisory capacity to the Men's Athletic Executive.

Scott Secretary

In Bill Scott, elected to the position of secretary of Men's Athletics, Gale will have an able and conscientious aide. Willie has been an active and prominent member of both the rugby and hockey teams during his two years at the University, and has proven his worth also as an executive. With these two men at the helm, Men's Athletics should have a boom year during the coming season.

Strong Executive

Next season's Athletic Executive, headed by Herb Gale and Bill Scott, will compose a strong body consisting of the following members who have been elected to lead their various organizations through the coming season. President of basketball, Olie Rostrup; president of badminton, Fraser Mitchell; president of hockey, Bob Gibson; president of boxing and wrestling, Jack Bartleman; president of rugby, Guy Morton; president of soccer, Clarence Weekes; president of track, Frank Peters; president of golf, Bob Proctor; president of tennis, Dick Hurlburt; president of swimming, Don Theuton; president of interfaculty basketball, E. Duncan; president of interfaculty hockey, W. Johnstone; president of interfaculty rugby, Robert F. Gibson.

the Race trophy and the intercollegiate championship.

A host of athletes will leave the playing fields of the University via the graduation route this year. Every sport on the campus will be affected, as valuable men and women leave vacancies which will not be easy to fill. The hardest hit campus sports of all probably is the rugby team. No less than seven men, six of them regulars, leave the University next month. The places left by Len Park, Jock Cameron, Ken Creighton, Bill Hargrave, Alex Denovan, Art Kramer and Ev Borgal are gaping holes which have to be filled.

SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

And so ends another year of sport and (the Lord be praised) of sport recording. Our athletes have left the fields of glory and have become mere everyday drones, grinding over their books and worrying along with the rest of the poor suffering mortals over the proximity of the exams.

In retrospect, our athletic endeavors this term have not been bad. Probably not up to the standard set by teams of some seasons, but, on the whole, passable. Only three championships came our way this year, the Provincial Senior Rugby title, the Western Canada Intercollegiate Women's Basketball title, and the Intercollegiate Tennis title. In other fields our athletes have not been so successful, but they have always done their best to play the game as it was intended to be played, and they will always be welcomed in competitive play.

The athletic season started auspiciously last fall as our squad of pigskin chasers took the Alberta title in four straight games only to be knocked out of the Western Canada playoffs by the Meralomas. The Hardy trophy, lifted from U.B.C., was a compensation for the former defeat, but it also slipped through our fingers to Saskatchewan. The tennis team followed to take the intercollegiate title by beating Saskatchewan in four events out of six, and the women's basketball team crowned the year's efforts by defeating the Saskatchewan co-eds two straight for

An amazing collection of wire, including bicycle spokes, copper strips, small springs, electric conduits, telegraph and fencing wire—weighing eight pounds in all—has been sent by a resident of Burwood, New South Wales, to the Australian museum.

It is the nest of a black-backed magpie, lined at the top with pieces of stick and fibre, and is three feet six inches in circumference.

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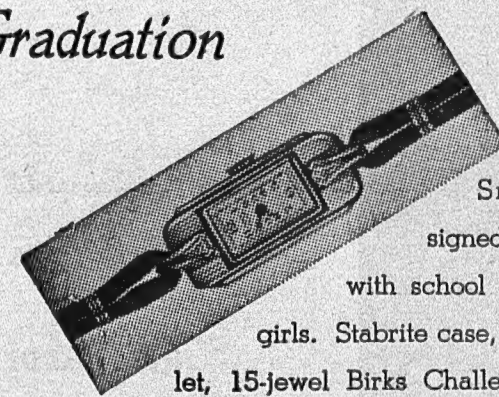
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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SIX PAGES

MY FRIEND BOB EDWARDS

By W. M. Davidson
(Late of the Calgary Albertan)

Alberta has been well served by itsers of the Eye Opener will recall the newspapers since the far away days when Frank Oliver with his ox-cart, loaded with a Washington press and a few cases of type, drove across the Saskatchewan to Fort Edmonton, and there printed the first edition in the far west. A just and observant critic, if asked to name the conspicuous characteristic of the large family of Alberta papers, might with good reason say that they were distinguished by their originality. Of all the parade, none can compare in unique distinction with the Calgary Eye Opener, a paper of humor and comment which appeared suddenly towards the beginning of this century and flourished for nearly twenty years at a critical period in the development of the province.

Robert Chambers Edwards, who was not only the editor of this unusual journal, but in fact the Eye Opener, had become a legend before the Eye Opener began. He was of the Chambers family of Edinburgh, which was associated with the Journal and the Encyclopaedia bearing that name. He did not indulge in reminiscences of family or early experiences, but I know he was educated in an English school, for once he told me he had never won but one prize and then when he, the only Scotch boy, beat all the English boys at school at the golf competition. Once he referred to a free lance paper in which he was interested at an early age, either as editor or contributor, which was called "The Channel," an English paper published in one of the summer resorts on the French coast of the English channel, and I heard him dilate with much merriment and humor of three days in Paris when a very young man, without money and with little to eat and sleeping in the parks. He reached Alberta by way of Montana. I know that because he once told a hilarious story of being robbed with his eyes open in a daring skin-game in one of the pioneer hotels in Butte.

Edwards published a weekly paper for a time in Wetaskiwin, with more than the usual experiences of pioneer editors. He may have had a try at Innisfail, but of that I am not certain. Although he started the Eye Opener in High River, it was very much of a Calgary venture from the beginning, printed in Calgary, with most of its circulation and advertising patronage in Calgary. The editor and much of the atmosphere was of High River.

Edwards came to Calgary with a minimum of printing outfit. Oliver had packed his press and type across the plains by ox cart to begin the "Edmonton Bulletin." Edwards brought his paper to Calgary without press or anything else but himself. During his sojourn in Calgary he did not increase his equipment by so much as a stick of type. I doubt if ever a paper was published in Canada under such conditions. He had no plant, he had no staff, he had no business office and no business hours, he had no canvassers for advertising or circulation. He kept no books. He had no collectors. He was the Eye Opener. Towards the end, when the Eye Opener became prosperous, he had the assistance of an artist, who acted as illustrator, a rare character like himself, whom he advised and directed.

When Edwards was in the mood, he sat down in his room and began an Eye Opener, and when he had sufficient copy, he took it to a printing office and had it printed. He announced his publication date a few days in advance and advertisers came in with their copy. On publication day the newsboys assembled in hundreds and marketed the paper. That was Edwards and the Eye Opener at their best. Sometimes, when the wolf threatened, he prodded himself, and then for a time the paper would appear with regularity. Then we had Edwards and the Eye Opener not at their best. He did not work well under the lash and revolted against discipline.

Although such methods may indicate a reckless Bohemianism, he took greater care in his work than any other writer whom I ever met. He wrote slowly, in seclusion, making frequent changes in his copy. He was fastidious about his copy. He always had one operator to set up his stuff and would accept no other. He demanded one and the same printer to assist in the make-up of the paper. He was an expert proofreader, corrected his own proof and permitted no errors. He superintended his own make-up with the utmost precision. Usually a genial person, he was a bear during the make-up period. There is a story of a cub reporter, also a divinity student, breaking in on Edwards at the crest of this nervous period, placing a benevolent hand on his shoulder and enquiring with much unction, "And what is the leading thought this week, Bro. Edwards?"

Edwards gloried in the meager, primitive equipment. He would get some crude advertising cut from the advertising rack and with it make humorous illustrations for the paper. I recall the cut of the lady in scant attire applying some cure-all to relieve her corns, originally an advertisement for some corn cure. He used that bit of art all one summer to illustrate what he described as the Eye Opener Social Department. Read-

The Gateway has pleasure in presenting to its readers a column or two recalling the memory of Robert Chambers Edwards, affectionately known in an earlier day to all Albertans as Bob Edwards of the Calgary Eye Opener. It would be a shame to let his name fade away too soon, for in his day he had a place all of his own in the newspaper life of the Province, and even of the Dominion, and our humorists are all too few and far between to let them disappear from our memory as there is danger now that we shall let the name of Edwards disappear. On the principle, "Honour to whom honour is due," we give Bob Edwards this place in our Literary Number.

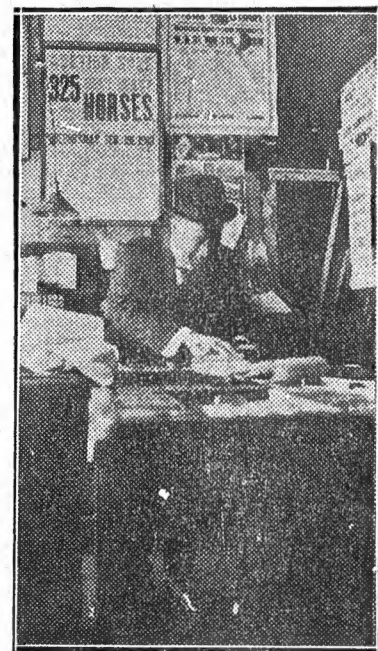
The Drama in High River, 1902

By R. C. Edwards

(In a 1902 issue of the High River Eye Opener, Bob Edwards dishes it out to a theatrical company which filled a dramatic engagement in the town.)

"A troupe of Calgary Barn Stormers came to this town masquerading as the Calgary Stock Company. There were seven ragamuffins in the outfit, and they had the consummate gall to pretend they could play 'The Cowboy's Romance,' and were footsore, but that's no excuse. A large audience assembled and soon eggs began to fly. The man at the door was a good-natured rooster, and said the second part of the show was the best we had ever seen. So the curtain went up. But the pure young cowboy on the stage scornfully declined to drink with the villain, and this proved a situation so incredible as to rouse the wrath of the audience, and the egg volcano again resumed activity. While the pure cowboy lay insensible on the stage, he got no less than 16 eggs with unerring aim. Up he jumped in fury, pulled off a leg of the table and hurled it at the league pitcher in the audience. It hit the wrong man. The curtain was lowered to protect the actors, all except the irate cowboy who stampeded round the crowd, ducking eggs and taking them, till finally he escaped, head first out the window. Far into the night the noise of battle roared.

"Next day the troupe vamoosed. The birds brushed from their exquisite plumage the crystal beads of rain, and offered songs of praise; blossoms left their bended posture, stood erect



THE LATE "BOB" EDWARDS

and breathed a spirit of thankfulness. A coyote threw back his head and yelped in gladness, and the dying dogies (not doggies) gathered new strength. As soon as the low comedian had disappeared round the bend, the scare subsided, ranchmen returned peacefully to their homes, and the people came out of their cellars. The town is once more a quiet, respectable little spot."

THE QUALITY OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

President Wallace

Much thought has been given to the question as to whether the emphasis which is placed in the university years on the acquisition of knowledge provides the most adequate background for the demands of later life; and the exploring of ways and means whereby a counterbalancing note can be successfully struck has engaged the attention of many members of the teaching staff. If examinations are the criteria of the emphasis in university teaching, it would be said without hesitation that the seeking after knowledge is the demand of a student's life, and that all other mental processes are entirely subsidiary. Examinations are not a sole criterion; and much is done in the classroom that is accredited for university standing, but is of a different quality from the content of the formal written examinations. This fact notwithstanding, it has been felt that the quality of university education can bear scrutiny, both in the matter of the ideals that we set for ourselves, and the methods which we adopt to reach the ends that we desire.

There is a mechanical process of imparting knowledge and of expecting students to reproduce the information which has been given them, and to be tested by their ability to reproduce accurately. This passes too often for teaching. It is simple in that it admits of easy and relatively accurate testing, and demands relatively less from the teacher. There is a stage of mental growth below which accurate knowledge is the fundamental consideration. That is the stage of middle high school. But as the mind of the student develops in university years, the critical and discriminative habits of mind become stronger, and play an increasing part in a student's mental progress. The demands of life are in the main that decisions be made on the issues of the moment on the basis of knowledge and judgment. It is felt that the university can emphasize the importance of the organizing of our knowledge to meet new situations, and of the use of our discriminative faculties in the selection of the salient knowledge which may be apposite to the situation.

Several discussions have taken place in university circles on this matter. It is a fundamental question. No one is oblivious to the fact that buildings and administrative machinery are the means by which the essential of university life—the stimulating relationship between teacher and student—can be made more effective and vital; and that they are not in any sense ends in

themselves. It may be a commonplace saying that a university is Mark Hopkins at one end of a log, and a student at the other; but it is essentially true. It is recognized that the stimulus between teacher and taught—the inciting of the student to a self-propelling mental activity—is the supreme function of the university, and that everything else is—or should be—a means to that end. Stated baldly in these terms, it is clear to all that we have not yet attained to that vitality which we desire. But there are many encouraging signs. The Philosophical Society of the University of Alberta has established a form of examination, and has awarded a series of prizes in connection therewith, which has great potentialities. Any undergraduate student is invited to enter the examination hall. He finds a paper on which five or six subjects of great significance in the intellectual, social or political field are given. He is invited to choose one of them, and to present in writing within a period of three hours his discussion of that subject. Like the tests of life, this test, for which there can be no ad hoc preparation, demands an accuracy of knowledge, a sense of discrimination, a sound judgment, and an appreciation of style. For my part, if I were a student, I should rather excel in a test such as this than in anything else that the University has to offer: or, to put it more clearly, I should not be satisfied in excelling in other tests if I could not in this as well. For it represents in epitome what life asks of us: and that is what education should prepare students to meet. It was particularly encouraging to find among the papers submitted several of quite high standard.

University men are fortunate in that there is no external pressure with reference to teaching and examinations. They are free to develop their own methods, and to establish their own tests. Such methods, and such tests, are related to the individual teacher, and are therefore specific. There can be no general rule or system. It is a matter of interest that in this university many methods are being adopted, and many experiments are being made by individual instructors, in order to present to the student the process of education according to the interpretation above outlined. Probably the only suggestion which might have general validity is that no examination paper should be set which has not some questions that may not be answered from class-room material alone,

A TRIBUTE TO BOB EDWARDS

By H. D. McCorquodale
of the High River Times

It is high time some little tribute was paid to the memory of Bob Edwards, and D. E. Cameron, librarian of the University of Alberta, did a good service in recalling, in an address to the Calgary Board of Trade recently, the most striking figure the newspaper world of the West has ever known. It is doubtful if we in Alberta will ever look on his like again. Edwards had a great gift of whimsical humour and fearless satire, and he used it in his own way, not for uplift but medicinally. The good that he did to the community far exceeded the shock of his cavortings.

Bob Edwards was unique. He combined a fearlessness and independence almost unknown in the journalistic world, with a wit that has passed with his passing. His keenest darts were reserved for all forms of hypocrisy, and he tore asunder the veils which cloaked the power of the mighty. He resented humbug in any form, and the shrewdness and originality of his pen presented that humbug in such a way as to make the object of his attack supremely ridiculous. Any exploitation challenged his attention, and he responded with all his heart to the call of the unimportant and the unfortunate. Needless to say his foes were legion; he was forever on the move and always involved in claims for damages. Not having any resources, these claims gave him little concern.

Mr. Cameron, in paying tribute to him, said that we needed such a man today, to preserve our balance and keep alive our declining sense of humor. "We pay a terribly heavy price because of our inability to get above the seriousness of present day conditions. The West is too serious, carrying a tremendous burden of repressions and inhibitions. There are more subjects that you daren't make a joke about here than any place I know." So said the speaker.

This charge seems true. Unquestionably we have many good, substantial sources of worry, but in our individual lives we contrive to vex ourselves and others about extremely unimportant matters. We swither and fuss on many occasions when we might be laughing. If Bob Edwards were alive, he would be pricking the balloons of many of our pet woes, exposing the futility of fretting, giving us a cheerful side of the picture. At the same time he would be hitting with unfaltering aim at many root causes of our troubles. He was a great man for placing responsibility where it belonged.

It was early in the spring of 1902 that Bob Edwards arrived (the word "arrived" has been selected with great care as being quite non-committal) in High River. After a certain lapse of time, the activities of which are veiled in mystery, he comes to himself. Before him he sees a sturdy little village, not too puritanic, yet with a few outcroppings that seem to require a little

nor from memorized notes: but that such questions should present a new challenge to the student to reconstruct and to reorientate his knowledge; and further, that such questions should have considerable weight. It is a fact that as an instructor examines so he teaches; and as a student expects of an examination, so he studies. Such procedure can readily, and without machinery, introduce a note in university education which, in my judgment, would have important results from the point of view of liberating and stimulating the mind of the student. This is the normal procedure for many teachers; and, in mathematics for example, it is the demand which the problem question makes of the student. Teachers of mathematics know that the student who obtains the real values from the study of mathematics is the student who welcomes the problem question in the examination paper. He is eager to use his knowledge and his skill in new and untried fields. That opportunity he obtains in the mathematical problem.

It is recognized that in professional studies the demands on knowledge as such are heavy, and necessarily so. But even in those fields it is becoming a problem of urgency to decide what content should be selected, because the weight is now too great to be carried in a reasonable time. In medical schools, for instance, there is already in sight the parting of the ways. Some American schools are specializing in the undergraduate course, in the fields of medicine, surgery or gynaecology, thus tacitly admitting that it is not possible to cover the whole field. Other schools, with probably greater wisdom, are restricting their offering to fundamental and basic knowledge only, and are leaving to the years of professional practice the acquiring of such detail of information as life may demand. It is in this latter direction that the possibility will lie of taking more time to make foundational principles a part of the warp and woof of the student's mind, and to leave more of the incidentals for life to inculcate. The other professional schools face the same problem in varying degrees.

Knowledge is of great importance for life; but for students of a university, knowledge alone, no matter how accurate and precise, is not education. It is with a full realization of this fact that the university is endeavouring to go forward.

debunking. He decides to raise the cultural tone—or introduce a cultural tone—by getting out a modest weekly treatise of this and that.

On March 4, he presents his first issue of the High River Eye Opener, giving himself a leg-up in the following hearty, yet ingratiating editorial: "In the quiet cove of High River we anchor the Eye Opener, hoping it won't bust, like the Mains. Clothed in righteousness, a bland smile and a lovely jag, the editor of this publication struck High River a couple of weeks ago. The management decided on the name 'Eye Opener,' because few people would resist taking it. This paper will be run on a strictly moral plane for one dollar per annum. If an immoral paper is the local preference, we can supply that too, but it will cost a dollar and a half.

"Our paths will be those of pleasantness and peace. With these few remarks, we beg leave to withdraw for a moment to quaff a goblet to the success of the Eye Opener. "Nothing is proposed to be said or done in this rag, conflicting with the immense ranching interests of this country. But Okotoks is merging into mossback action and mixed farming. Well-to-do settlers are coming along. The C.P.R. is getting ready to 'feature' High River. And remember, the trinity of Canada is comprised of the C.P.R., Clifford Sifton and the Almighty. So it would be just as well for High River to start moving up to the pie counter for more settlers. Never let it be said that we surrender the cream of the sod busters to Okotoks, or hilarious Cayley, or the bustling water-tank of Nanton. High River is the biggest twig of the southern branch."

Whereupon he proceeded to mould the untutored mind of High River. To be sure, there were occasional lapses in publication, but these he disposes of lightly, as in a later issue: "Our readers will, of course, understand why we were unable to issue last week, and we are prepared to receive felicitations on our neat recovery."

Little items of local chit-chat are culled from those spring issues of 1902. "A consignment of mangle dip has been placed at the disposal of our genial butcher, Mr. Wake. He will supply all those who need it, or whose animals need it."

"Three ladies called at our office, claiming the garter which we advertised last week. As none of them would comply with regulations proving property, we still have the garter."

"The new hotel will soon be ready. Let no foolish jealousies introduce themselves in connection with our two hotels. Personally we shall pop around for our eye-opener with strictest regularity and impartiality, and we call upon all loyal citizens to follow in our steps—if conditions permit."

"Rapid transit is to be introduced into our little burg. A moving sidewalk equipped with chairs, sideboards and end-gates is to be built by a local syndicate between the two hotels. This is for the slobster trade, it having been found difficult on many occasions for slobsters to negotiate the one hundred yards on foot. All you do is climb on, and away you go. By mutual agreement between the hotel proprietors and the syndicate, no charge will be made in the case of anyone showing surface indications of being a slobster. All others 5 cents the round trip."

Casting an alert eye to the goings on in Calgary, he notes: "Mr. R. B. Bennett, M.L.A., has promised the new Conservative Club a billiard table as soon as they are settled in their new rooms. He has declined, however, to provide High River with a fare table." He scents favoritism and too much sugar in the northern part of the province, and pushes a heavy pen in that direction. "Frank Oliver's town, Edmonton, has got a \$10,000 appropriation for a jail and courthouse; Red Deer \$5,000 for jail and courthouse; other places similar grants. One would think we were all a gang of jail birds consigned to this earth purely for the keeping in luxury and comfort of Grit building contractors and politicians."

From week to week his High River Eye Opener ambled along, delighting and terrorizing his fellow citizens with its pleasantness and exposures. But ere long he goes too far, flicking the sensibilities of the Methodist church and home-loving hearts with his mischievous pen. It appears that he even waxed bold on the mangle question, as affected the feudal ranch-holders. There is a touch of bitterness in a June issue of 1902: "Inspector Hobbs has been looking after mangy cattle. We would like to express ourselves on this mangle, but have been given to understand that it is considered disloyal to High River to give expression to disagreeable truths."

The last sentence tells the story. High River did not relish disagreeable truths, so after a few months of wrestling with small town prejudices, he pried his type, locked up shop and moved on to centres which were larger if not more tolerant. An incurable idealist, Bob Edwards was, hopefully searching for a community that would receive his disagreeable truths with enthusiasm and goodwill.

I think The Gateway is doing a very fine thing in including a tribute to Bob Edwards in its Literary Supplement. He was a human chinook, and we stand greatly in need of him today.

NON AMO TE, SABIDI

J. Fisher

Education is the inculcation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent. . . . Lectures are a device by which the professor's notes can be transferred to the student's notebook without any undue mental exertion on the part of either. . . . Examinations are requests for information by those who don't want it from those who haven't got it. . . . Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach. . . . Training teachers is undertaking to tell how to persons who mainly do not know what. . . . Professors are like the mills of God. . . . The schoolboy who uses his Homer to throw at a school-fellow's head makes perhaps the safest and most rational use of him. . . . History repeats itself: historians repeat each other. . . . History is the bunk. . . . Philosophy is a schoolmarm forever trying to live down her past indiscretions. . . . Six economists, seven opinions. . . .

They are pretty witticisms. They indicate that education and all concerned in it are "under review." Ironically enough, most of them are to be found in arguments for more and better education. Some of them are not only witticisms, but criticisms—these were for the most part first given utterance by professors. Criticism is a commodity of which we can never have a surplus but, as with education, an improvement in its quality as well as in its quantity is highly desirable. Our heads are often foggy nowadays, for instance, as a result of what is little more than a passion for heaving bricks.

About sixty years ago, Samuel Butler surveyed his Victorian fellows and would not be comforted. He became dangerously inquisitive.

And, strange to say, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others
not:
And suddenly one more impatient
cried—

"Who is the Potter, pray, and who
the Pot?"

Ignored for his pains, he became derisive and destructive, and began to heave bricks at the mirrors in which his contemporaries were surveying themselves and seeing that they were good. He was far from selfish. He called upon others to join in the game. Young admirers like George Bernard Shaw who rallied about him were at no time troubled by a shortage of ammunition: they found clay in the shoes of great men, collected straw from the broken backs of institutions, provided heat gratis, and sent clouds of bricks flying to the site that Butler had selected. Most of these bricks needed heaving, and heaving them was the most effective way of attaining the desired end, at the time. Enough bricks accumulated on the site to provide for the erection of a noble building, but the idea of construction found a haven in no belligerent head. It is a sweet and blessed thing to heave a brick. To heave is human: to lay for the common weal is merely gallinaceous. And there are fashionable modern writers who have found the preliminary of heaving so fascinating that they have remained content to advance no farther. One of their favorite victims—the "professor," alias the "academic," alias the "pedant"—has so far given their bricks little more notice than a casual, contemplative, pre-occupied glance, but a glance sufficient to assure him that some of the missiles are ancient, some cracked, and some fashioned from an excess of heat applied to a deficiency in other materials, as a cursory examination of some of the specimens exhibited in the entrance to this article will reveal. Grown myself a little weary of onslaughts on my kind by writers of the "new" history and the "new" biography, by satirical playwrights and confessional novelists, by Editor and by Taxpayer, I have felt compelled to give some sort of answer to a question phrased by Hamlet as follows: "What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?" It might be advisable to begin by discarding the metaphor of the brick: only a William James could carry it farther without sinking under its weight.

The traditional definition of the human type the professor is supposed to conform to would suggest that he is anything but human. He is represented as dogmatic, opinionative, authoritative. A distinguished twentieth century professor, for instance, has with admirable modesty suggested that the besetting sin of his tribe is a tendency to lecture not merely in the auditorium, but in private conversation and personal correspondence. It might further be suggested that the tendency appears in sleep: that a professor will not only conclude a conversation with the remark, "I expect to find you better prepared on Wednesday," or a letter with the words, "I shall go on next time to discuss this in more detail," but even in bed will call the roll of the sheep rather than count them. He is represented as frequently absent-minded and continually pre-occupied—like Sir Isaac Newton who, more conveniently to contemplate the solar system, arrested himself in the process of putting on his breeches and, with one leg in and one leg out, was found sitting contentedly on the edge of his bed. He is represented as pompous and pedantic, as may be illustrated by an anecdote concerning the eighteenth century dramatist, Samuel Foote, who in his lawless student days had constantly to listen to impressively worded admonitions from the Provost of his college. "Foote," it is written, "would present himself with great apparent gravity and submission, but with a large dictionary under his arm; when, on the doctor beginning in his usual pompous manner with a surprisingly long word, he would immediately interrupt him, and, after begging pardon with great formality, would produce his dictionary, and pretending to find the meaning of the word, would say, 'Very well, Sir; now please go on.' The Oxford don in particular is represented as prone to fits of melancholy indolence: Leslie Stephen, describing the Cambridge specimen of the eighteen-sixties, re-

mains that the labours of professors were "sometimes distinctly perceptible to the naked eye." None would deny that there is a measure of justice in this general characterisation: it must be admitted in connection with Leslie Stephen's remark, for instance, that many an Oxford and Cambridge don has regarded his berth as but a sleep and a forgetting, and it is a well-known fact that many of the greatest contributions made to civilization in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were made by men working outside the universities while those inside imparted the passing tribute of a sigh in slumber. But, after all, dogmatism has sometimes been observed in policemen, pre-occupation in plumbers, pomposity in journalists, and indolence in governments; and pre-occupation can hardly have produced wars and depressions. Indolence has attacked some professors in some universities at some times, but at present it would be hard to name a class in society that does so much, so disinterestedly, and for so little gain, as the "professoriat." However, "Who steals my purse steals trash." It is not caricature of his peculiarities that annoys a professor, nor the low estimate of his market value, but belittlement of his genuine merits, defamation of the character of his wares, slander directed at his methods—suspicion, in brief, of his utility in society.

Once upon a time an astronomer was robbed by mere misfortune of immortality: he observed an elephant walking across the moon, but found on further investigation a fly walking across the lens of his telescope. He only differs from some modern critics of professorial methods in that he probably kept a still tongue in a wise head. Periodically some investigator discovers elephants in the examination or lecture system. There is reason to believe that these elephants are in reality flies blessed with longevity. That examinations have long been a bone of contention between professors and students seems clear from statutes, in force at more than one university in the Middle Ages, requiring students to swear that they would not commit "malum vel damnum" on professors who ploughed them. Similarly, some critics of the lecture system have forgotten, or have still to read, that the university had hardly reached the status of an institution before it occurred to someone that lectures were training scribes to copy rather than minds to think. In the year 1229 the Arts Faculty of the University of Paris decided by statute the problem of whether a lecturer should dictate his notes, or read them so rapidly that they could not all be committed to writing. Lecturers were required, on pain of suspension for a year, to speak as if no one were writing in their presence, and students were threatened with the same penalty if they allowed their disapprobation of this to appear in shouting, hissing, groaning or throwing stones. The statute was rescinded in 1452, but had probably been more honoured in the breach than the observance. In 1337 a college in the University of Toulouse, afflicted with the same anxiety, gave its students approximately the following advice: don't attend more than two or three lectures a day; don't take notes; retain as much of a lecture in your memory as you can, and meditate on it without delay; study requires a vehement application of all your faculties, whereas unnecessary note-taking only blunts your private intellect. In my opinion, this advice, concerning not a system but the abuse of it, is full of wisdom; and the system should not be discarded until all the possibilities indicated in the advice have been fully explored. Unfortunately for generalising critics, also, criticism of excessive note-taking has no application to some universities in which lectures are a comparatively unimportant instrument in the educational process. The tale is told that an Oxford Professor of Medieval Jurisprudence began a course of lectures with an audience of eight, which he saw dwindle first to six, then to three, and then to one. Delivering his final lecture to a bust of Socrates that stood on a window ledge, he complied literally with the requirement of the old Paris statute—and spoke with no one writing in his presence. Leslie Stephen indicates the prestige in which lectures were held by his generation at Cambridge when he describes how he carried the undying gratitude of a Professor of Theology. This professor, accustomed to audiences as inattentive as they were migratory, hovered on the brink of bliss when he found in Stephen a listener who wrote down every word he said at every lecture he delivered—but he did not know that the object of his affection was merely practising shorthand. Where lectures have been attended with great evils in some universities, then, they have not been attended in others. But wherever they have become important, they have lasted in spite of long notorious defects, and there must be something in them that makes them die so hard. The suggestion occurs to me that their continued existence can be justified: that they fail to accomplish their purpose mainly where too much is expected of them, too much importance is attached to them, too much depends on them, and too many of them are given. Similarly with examinations—familiarity breeds contempt.

As will be apparent from these glimpses of university history, flashes of intuition have been known to illumine professorial eyes and reveal the occasional imperfection that lurked in themselves and in their methods. But what was once phenomenal seems to have become a permanent condition. The observed and recorded span has now acquired the gravity of an incurable disease. Such books as Flexner's are only symptoms of the critical condition prevailing in university bodies. Everything is being placed "under review"—everything is being thought and said and done. Ideals are being restated, aims discussed, theories examined, experiments tried and tested. And in the meantime, some critic who has never known a university suggests what was obvious seven hundred years

CHAUCER ON THE CAMPUS

Whilom there was a University

In Edmonton, and in each faculty.
An heap of learned men who wrote and read
Dull heavy books filled each young clerk's head
With all the lore he needed, that some day
He might be styled M.D., B.Comm., B.A.
Alas, I have no English to describe
All these professors, sure a curious tribe:
Some stooped with age, some full of youth and zest,
As different as the subjects they professed,
Some short and stout, and some worn down and thin;
And at a Frenchman will I first begin.

A montagnard he was; in his young years
He had served with the Zouaves out in Algiers
And there had learned a sergeant's gentle ways,
Which he used now to teach la langue française.
"Repeat now after me," thus every day
He told his class, "Je sais, tu sais, il sait."
Woe were the young folks who had not prepared
The daily task; in sooth they were not spared.
He told his students if they did not mend
Their ways in French that he himself would end
In madness. He let no one pass French 2
Who made mistakes in using aurait dū.
Of France and of Morocco he would tell
And of the Legion until rang the bell.
Then cried he, "Je termine avec ceci."
In twenty minutes more his class was free.
A soldier had he been in la grande guerre
And had read all the writings of Voltaire.

A Provost eke there was who came from Queen's—
(A Provost's almost fit to rank with Deans)—
Who knew of all philosophers the names
From Aristotle down to William James.
Over their systems would he lightly run
To puzzled students in Phil 51.

Yet he forgot all his philosophy
When in plus fours he stood upon the tee.
He rose upon his toes and sore did smite,
And off he sent the ball to left or right.
Deep in the woods, and there he let it lie,
Tweed up again and had another try.
A good fellow he was and genial host,
And spent his summers mostly at the Coast.

A Registrar there was, full strong and stout,
Who seldom let his short black pipe go out.
It helped to give him patience, as I guess,
When students' records got into a mess.
It was his duty to write letters stern
Advising them they'd better not return
But seek to use their gifts in other spheres;
And if they came, protested, and shed tears,
It all availed not. He was like a wall,
And stood his ground and yielded not at all.
Yet at a well-spread board on holidays
Well knew he how a cheerful song to raise.
Then on his feet the Registrar would get
And lead his colleagues right through Alouette.

A Zoologist there was who wondered why
When winter came the birds would southward fly.
He did not think it was the frost and snow
But failing light that made them wish to go.
And so behind his house he built a shed
For birds, and when the sun had gone to bed
He so contrived that by his magic sleight
When all the world was dark the shed was light.
There the poor birds would gladly sit and sing
And tell each other that it was the spring,
Though all the while it was but winter chill;
Thus did he change the seasons at his will.

And many more there were, all rather queer,
But these are all that I will tell of here.

ago. Some graduate becomes superior at forty to what he needed badly at twenty. Some journalist decides that professors are liars: occasionally one of the insulted shows fight, and some such pursuit as that of Hilaire Belloc by A. F. Pollard, or of G. K. Chesterton by C. G. Coulton, is so thorough as to merit the description "horrid." Even undergraduates sometimes object mildly to professors and their ways. When they do, they deserve notice; after all, they are the "subject," and have a right to a voice in their own fate. Experience has shown that they should not have more: they acquired an ascendancy over professors in medieval Bologna, and ruled them with a rod of iron. But let us bring the discussion nearer home. In a recent number of this newspaper, an editorial appeared under the title, "The University Professor in Alberta." The writer sought, generously and with the best of intentions, not to acquire an ascendancy over his professors, but to make a ruling about them. By what standard of comparison was he judging them? Professors in Oxford, for instance, may deliver as few as eight lectures a year: those here with three full courses may give well over two hundred. For an Oxford professor a lecture may be an occasional crisis: for one here, it is sometimes a matter of hourly necessity, and may be served up efficiently if the professor concerned is not cursed with being too popular a public speaker, not in love at the time, not obsessed with too many projects of research, not depressed by sorrow or bereavement, not overwhelmed by sudden accumulations of marking, not in bad health or

temper—all of these being evils that routine is heir to. But efficiency is not enough: the writer of the editorial concludes that "Our professors should be primarily interesting lecturers." We live in an age of scientific miracles: they shall change crows warble and see leopards clear their spots. We might well, therefore, take this conclusion to heart and consult the literature that gives directions on the art of being interesting. One hint, from Beebe's account of the technique adopted by the male Frigate Bird during courtship, it would be unpardonable in a conscientious professor to ignore: "The entire body rolled from side to side, as in an agony, while the apparently dying bird gave vent to a remarkably sweet series of notes, as liquid as the distant cry of a loon, as resonant as that of an owl. In our human, inadequate verbal vocabulary, I can only record it as kew-kew-kew-kew-kew-kew. In a higher tone the female answered him from the sky, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo." It should in fairness be admitted, however, that had a professor written the editorial in question, he would inevitably have damned the student with the same faint praise by concluding that "Our students should be primarily interested listeners."

"What should such fellows as I do
crawling between heaven and earth?"
Ruin two lovely black eyes in peering
at such elusive ladies as Truth; grind
slowly to serve up pabulum for pate
and palate; bleat idealism; and "mur-
mur, Gently, brother; gently, pray."
And what should I expect for my
pains? When one Tom Brown had
given the authorities of his college as



LAKE OF THE WOODS

By W. J. Phillips, A.R.C.A.

This fine wood-blot colour print is an excellent example of the work of one of the greatest living exponents of this art form. How different it is from the ordinary commercial colour print, how much it has of the charm of Japanese prints, whence modern European artists got their inspiration! Mr. Phillips, who has been for many years engaged in art teaching at Winnipeg, has published two portfolios of these colour prints which are much valued by collectors. This is from the second set published about 1930. It shows an artist possessed of splendid powers of draughtsmanship, keen appreciation of colour harmonies, and striking individuality of expression.—Lent by courtesy of Dr. R. C. Wallace.

ARGUMENT ABOUT IT AND AROUND

W. H. Alexander

In twenty-seven years spent in this university—it begins to look like a life-sentence—I have never seen as sincere and serious articles in *The Gateway* on the subject of university education in general and its application to Alberta conditions in particular, as those which have appeared this year. The last point was raised in a recent editorial and very ably dealt with; I think it must be agreed that, whatever our notions about university education in the broad sense, it must vary in its application with local conditions. That means in the case of Alberta, as the editorial writer pointed out, a special emphasis in the case of appointments to the Alberta staff on teaching ability, because the university is not working here in the midst of a long-established culture, but really has to establish that culture itself. For the present student generation in Alberta the important thing is to get some comprehension of the origin and meaning of our civilization in a broad way, and of intense specialization or what is so often amiably called research. I think the University of Alberta owes me a debt of gratitude (among other debts) for having successfully resisted in the Senate an effort to establish here at this time the granting of the Ph.D. degree with all that would be implied in such a move. As the editorial writer already referred to wisely says, it is to the older seats of learning that the present Alberta graduates must go for full and proper post-graduate training. Let it be understood that that is no reflection on anybody; it is no crime to be young and to be obliged to go through the physiological and psychological processes of growth. It is, however, frequently and indeed usually a serious and damaging thing for a young person or a young institution to anticipate processes which properly belong to maturity.

But other editorials have vigorously examined and criticized our local methods of undergraduate instruction, and I want to say here with what sympathy in general I have read them. Two things seem to come especially under fire, the lecture system and the examination system. I am going to ask to be allowed to say a few words on each.

In connection with the lecture system, the thing constantly referred to is the chore of taking notes. I will here testify that I have repeatedly protested in my classes against this taking of copious notes, but absolutely without avail; even if I were to say that there would be nothing on the examination from my lectures, the class would smile good-naturedly, and go on taking notes. Much of course depends on whether the notes are worth taking. If a university teacher is bringing to bear on his professed subject the fruits of close study and, more particularly, of an original point of view, then surely note-taking is not so serious a chore; if he is merely giving you a digest of the prescribed texts, it can hardly be defended. I think the difficulty with Alberta students is that they use the method indiscriminately and sometimes quite unintelligently. They certainly are guilty of the latter when in their zeal for notes, they lose the drift of the argument.

Lecturing is not an ideal method of teaching; it is really, in the liveliest sense of the term, not teaching at all. Yet it must perforce often be adopted, even when the instructor is fully aware of its unsatisfactory character. In this university—and probably in most on this continent—the number of classes a professor is responsible for (hours per week), and the number of students for whom he is responsible (students per course), practically forces the lecture method upon him in many subjects. If I could have a class of only ten in a course in Greek or Roman history, I would be ashamed to teach it the way I do now, but that condition, namely, a group of ten or a dozen students as the charge of a single instructor, will never exist here in my time except in the occasional honors class. Before we pass from the matter of lecturing, it should in fairness be pointed out how little compulsion now remains in this university to attend lectures. Indeed we of the staff could feel easier in mind if, when we noticed you were missing from class, we could feel sure that you were busily following up the subject for yourselves in the library, but you will not have much ground for feeling hurt if we surmise that actually you are philandering or interesting yourselves in some one or other of those multifarious student "activities" whose name is legion, for they are many. As a matter of fact, having regard to the

much trouble as they could stand, they asked him to depart their walls, but he managed to obtain an interview with the head, Dr. Fell, by penning a submissive letter. The Doctor offered to give him another chance if he would undertake to translate, there and then and without book, the epigram by Martial that runs:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum
dicere quare:
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo
te.

The ready wit of the transgressor immediately flowed into the following version:

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

With this the understanding ended. It will be noticed that each man gracefully met the other half-way, and that humour, humanity, and a talent for collaboration characterised the proceedings. Of the two, Dr. Fell, the injured, probably made the nobler gesture. But Dr. Fell was academic to the point of eccentricity. So was another professor—Rabelais. And Matthew Arnold

size of this institution and the preparation ordinarily brought to it by the student, one may fairly say that the University of Alberta is greatly over-organized on the side of student activities.

Now as for examinations, it is charged that they are simply a process of causing you to render up at stated intervals more or less appropriate re-hashes of the subject-matter of your various courses. Well now, suppose we assume that all professors and instructors are expected to put up examinations which shall be, not inquiries into your factual knowledge of the various subjects, but into your ability to apply that factual knowledge to an attack upon original problems; would you really be happy then? Don't you see how much larger the mortality would certainly be among yourselves? Perhaps it ought to be, but my present argument is simply this, that you are hardly justified in attacking our present type of examinations unless you are fully prepared to face the difficulties connected with another type. I really think, so far as I have been able to observe, that a large number of our examinations embrace both the factual and the applicative type of question.

I am rather afraid too that the objection taken to "re-hashing" the facts of a course or of a professor's lectures on the course, often amounts to no more than a deep-seated reluctance to face facts at all. It has been justly observed by your editorial writers and fully agreed to by myself that it is our joint task here to build up in this still very new country a culture, but no culture that amounts to anything can be built up except upon a knowledge of facts. How you will interpret the facts will depend largely upon yourselves, but surely you will agree that it is a terrible business to insist on making interpretations without a genuine knowledge of a considerable number of relevant facts. Believe it or not, as Mr. Ripley says, but some years ago—no present undergraduate is attacked by this story—I asked a senior class in this university to arrange for me in time-sequence (by dates, to be frank) these three things, the fall of Constantinople before the Turks, the discovery of America, and the writing of Shakespeare's plays. I was considerably dashed in my hope of securing the information from the class, to put it quite mildly.

That you will presently forget many of the facts you have acquired here, may be cheerfully admitted, but on the other hand, wherever you have been properly and carefully taught, you will find that you will remember most of the important ones and a fair percentage of the remainder, more particularly if, after leaving college, you do any serious reading. Of course, if you devote yourselves exclusively to business, society, bridge, and golf, you can scarcely be surprised if what you have acquired at university disappears; you will in that event have rated your college education as a thing of secondary importance, and it will probably oblige you by living down to your rating.

Other topics besides these have arisen, but these have stood out prominently and I have preferred to concentrate on them; they have been sufficiently prolific about them as it is. I would say only this in conclusion, that the mere fact that we think it worth while frankly to discuss these things as between students and staff constitutes in itself a cheerful augury for the future.

"The Wicked Flea"

By E. A. Corbett

Three weeks ago I eased myself down from the creaking sleeper of the N.A.R. as it pulled slowly into the two-months-old town at the end of steel. The townsite is on a high plateau looking over a sweeping valley of tree-lined wheat fields and presents as pleasing a prospect as one can find anywhere in Western Canada.

Hotels and business houses have sprung up over night, and in spite of oats at 8 cents a bushel, wheat at 24 cents, and haws at 3 cents per lb, the town is having a mild boom.

Down in the hotel, freighters, trappers, fur buyers, and farmers mixed in a jangling group, with trainmen and carpenters. In the beer parlor to the right of the lobby there were sounds of revelry as thirsty, dust-choked teamsters washed the drifted soil from their throats with brown October ale.

Suddenly the door to the pub swung back on its creaking hinges, and a tall, middle-aged man in red mackinaw and grey flannel shirt, well-shaped blue breeches and prospector's boots, moved slowly across the floor and took a seat next to me. Slowly he rolled a cigarette, lit it, and with a deep breath inhaled a cloud of smoke. Then he turned and looked at me. And I knew I was about to meet a personage.

"Stranger?"

"Yes."
"First time in this particular neck of the woods? Traveller?"
"Not exactly. I'm up here on a lecture trip from the University."
"Oh, sort of Professor chap, what?"
"Yes, more or less. What about you? Been up here long?"
"Eleven years."

"Trapper?"
"No, I got me a shack up here in the Pass about on hundred miles west of here. Doin' a little prospectin', little trappin', too, to pay for groceries. Lately, though, I been making my fortune collecting fleas."

"How do you mean? I know it's easy enough to collect fleas, but I didn't know they had any market value."
"Oh, sure they have; about the only thing left that ain't felt the depression. If you know the kind to get, and how to get 'em, they's good money in fleas."
"What kind of traps do you use?"
"Regular fox trap on a small scale, or do you call them like moose and then shoot them, or do you just ride out

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THE NORTHERN RIVER
By Tom Thomson

An early exhibition in this University of pictures by the "Group of Seven" included a number of small canvases by Canada's greatest artist. The tragic death of Tom Thomson in 1917 makes this greatest example of his work still more valuable. Even without colour, there is the strange fascination of this tracing through which the evening light is seen on river and distant forest. Though not one of "the group," Thomson's influence among them was great, and his artistic insight has been felt on all subsequent phases of Canadian painting.

SOCIAL CREDIT

Harold C. Frick

MONETARY REFORMERS

In this period of prolonged depression monetary theorists and reformers possess to a marked degree the ears of the people, and it is not surprising, therefore, that a host of economic prophets have arisen in the world. Among these, Major C. H. Douglas stands pre-eminent, and his "social credit" doctrines have achieved wide popularity, particularly in Britain and in New Zealand, Australia and Canada. In England he has the support of several newspapers, a section of the clergy, and a large body of followers who call themselves "the green-shirts"—quite in accordance with the European predilection for the symbolic shirt. The Douglas Social Credit League of Canada includes converts from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Lesser prophets, politicians, and "spellbinders" try to borrow or steal the Douglas thunder, to win public favor and support. In our own province a flourishing offshoot of the parent social credit stem exists under the leadership of William Aberhart of Calgary, whose disciples believe—or he believed originally, as he did himself—that he preaches the gospel according to St. Douglas.

It is difficult to determine just why Douglas is more widely popular than others of the host of monetary reformers—than, for instance, Soddy or Eisler, or even our own G. G. McGeer (who has nevertheless achieved some popularity outside as well as within his own diocese, British Columbia). Douglas certainly does not differ from them in his vigorous attacks on the Big Bad Bankers and the existing financial system. Perhaps many approve his anti-socialist beliefs, or his repudiation of the old Jewish maxim, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Likely, a great attraction is his proposal to declare a "national dividend" based on the computed total value of the nation's assets (public and private) and its population—a proposal to grant to every citizen a monthly income sufficient, theoretically, to purchase the ordinary necessities of life, irrespective of the nation's actual net production of consumers' goods and services, or of the individual's needs or of his "productivity"—his contribution to society.

Douglas himself is an economist only in the amateur sense. An able civil engineer, he commenced publishing economic works shortly after the war, and has been developing and preaching his social credit doctrines ever since. He characterizes "orthodox" economists as allies of the bankers—a very good defensive policy, considering that professional economists criticize somewhat adversely both his theoretical analysis of the present system and his proposed methods of reforming it. He is certainly guilty of reasoning on ethical grounds in the formulation of economic remedies. We may share his moral indignation in the contemplation of existing evils; nevertheless we must require a more scientific proof of the practicability and desirability of his plans for reform. We cannot greatly disagree with the Major in his belief that the financial system controls the production and distribution of wealth, and that it has failed in its vital function of promoting orderly production and distribution. But this does not mean that we must accept his social credit system as sensible or practicable without question. There is, rather, all the more reason to turn from his "emotional" and ambiguous analysis to the more closely-reasoned, dispassionate theories of such men as John Maynard Keynes, monetary specialists who are constructively criticizing the existing monetary system and advocating, for instance, a controlled and "orderly" system of credit creation.

Nevertheless, Douglas's ethical approach to the problem gives his doctrines the strong emotional appeal necessary to make them widely popular. His ambiguity and obscurity of style are another source of strength, making it still more essential that Douglasites should accept their economic creed by acts of faith (and at the same time making it difficult for the critic to determine what interpretation should be

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"The Wicked Flea"

(Continued from Page Two)

with chaps on, and a good pony, and ride 'em down and lasso them?"

"Oh, you still think I'm kiddin', do you? Well, I'll just show you," and with these words my friend pulled out a bank pass-book and showed me a new deposit of \$5,000.00.

"That ain't for wheat and it ain't for skins. It's just for one big shipment of fleas."

"All right, I'll bite. What's the answer?"

"Well, it's like this. After the war when I left my old home in England and told the old people that I was heading for the Peace River country, they did their best to persuade me to stay at home. But I wanted, like many another poor fool, to gamble \$10.00 with the Canadian Government that I could stay three years on a homestead. Well, you know the people in the old country have a queer idea about Canada, and my old mother, bless her heart, she reckoned she was never goin' to see me again. When she was a girl she had read some tall tales about Indians and scalping, and she hadn't ever got it out of her head that the minute anybody passed Winnipeg they were in danger of death by torture from the roving bands of Indians that she believed peopled the western plains.

"I tell you it was a sad day when I left the old land. I am the only son, and it was pretty hard on the old folks.

"Well, to make a long story as short as possible, I landed at Pouce Coupe in May, 1920, and found myself a homestead about 100 miles away across the Peace River in the direction of Fort St. John. Well, I stuck it for three years, all right. Darn near starved many a time, but I proved up my homestead, worked in the camps in the winter, got some land broken and gathered a bit of stock around me and was gettin' on fine.

"I got a nice place, too—park land, it is, with a creek running back of the house, plenty of game summer and winter, everything a man could desire if he likes living alone, and I do. Then come this here depression, no work, no price for crops, furs hard to get and a poor price when you do get 'em. I began to think I'd have to quit the farm." (Now here comes the real story, believe it or not.)

"I have always been a bit of a bug collector. Been at it all my life. Can't keep my hands off bugs. Like to study their ways and watch their tricks. Lots of nights I used to sit alone in my shack and by the light of a coal-oil lamp I used to teach tricks to beetles and cockroaches and the likes.

"Well, one day in a scientific magazine I used to get occasionally, I saw an advertisement put in by a scientist—I can tell you his name if you like.

"Anyway, this here scientist was makin' a collection of fleas. And it appears he had made a collection that included every kind of flea on earth, but he was all out up because he had never succeeded in getting a specimen of the particular species that makes their living on the northern sub-Arctic fox.

"Then and there I saw a great light. I wrote the lad, and in about a month I got an answer saying he would be willing to pay as high as \$5,000 for a good big shipment of them Arctic fleas.

"Well, last winter I went up to Fort Resolution, and I barged off east of there into a good fox country, and I began to lay for foxes. But it wasn't as easy as I thought. I could catch the foxes all right, but I found that the doggone fleas left the fox as soon as he was trapped and however lousy he might be before he was trapped, in ten minutes every flea had jumped his claim and gone somewhere else. I tell you I didn't know what to do for a while. But finally I hit on a plan.

"I forgot to tell you that when I left home my mother was so sure I was going to have a sudden violent death that she made a shroud and packed it in my kit. That shroud was to bury me in when the Indians got me. Well, I used it for a blanket so long it had a nice warm human smell about it, so I decides to lay it out in folds near where my traps was most likely to catch a fox.

"And boy! she worked. I had to discover some way of concealing the shroud so it wouldn't scare the fox but would still attract them fleas. I designed a kind of deadfall instead of the regular trap, so that when the Reynard got caught by his hind leg he would beat about into this deadfall. Inside the deadfall was my shroud, nicely folded in creases so as to invite the fleas.

"Well, I got my fleas all right—about 2,000 of them during the winter. I fed them and kept them warm. Got them down to Edmonton in the spring and shipped them.

"That there deposit I showed you was my winter's wages for ketching fleas. And that's what I mean when I say that we scientists ain't been really hit hard yet by the depression."

"What about the future? Is there any chance of your New York friend wanting more specimens?"

"I don't know about that. But I reckon them fleas ain't goin' to stand city life very long unless they're made to feel at home. I'm expectin' to hear from him, either askin' for more fleas or a couple dozen Arctic foxes for them fleas to homestead on. A fish outa water ain't any more uncomfortable than a real home-grown Arctic flea away from his natural surroundings.

"Yeh, Mr. Trelle may be the wheat king of the world, but I'm the flea king, and unless the price of grain changes, I'm goin' to beat him on profits, too.

"Well, so long, I'm comin' over to hear ye lecture. Some day I'm going to give a lecture. Yeh! know what my text will be? 'The wicked fleas where no man pursueth.'"

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Education and Reconstruction

The following is an excerpt from a paper delivered to the Philosophical Society by Ralph Collins. Mr. Collins has the honor of being the first student to deliver a paper before this society.

What are we to say of ourselves? Education as a social force is obviously an instrument which reflects the social order, and its dominant ideals. It can be a powerful instrument in the development of new attitudes, even a new social being. But it can do little independently. One cannot attempt social reconstruction by the educational development of a new co-operative attitude within a society where such would be an anomaly, however necessary in one better adapted to modern conditions.

In periods of change, it is usual for institutions, political forms, and social thought to lag behind the altering world. In Milton's day, that rebellious spirit was filled with disgust at Cambridge, and spoke of the "errour of Universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages." Today, men like C. E. M. Joad freely bite the intellectual hand that fed them, saying they would give their entire stock of classical culture for the ability to understand the implications of modern science. We are in a period of change, and it is taking all we have to bring ourselves to a position where we can intelligently see the necessary adjustments that have to be made. A system of values which will meet our needs must be found. We have seen the attempts to do this which have been made by the national-socialists, the fascists and the communists, and the results in education. From them, I think, we can derive the lesson that social action depends upon belief, a definite system of values, for its force, if it represents a major change. The scientific method is after all a method, and the important thing is the goal desired—and it is of the greatest importance whether the tool in our hands, science or education, be used to develop a dangerously powerful nationalism or a state which tries to meet the greater needs of the modern world.

Our chief characteristic seems to be avoiding much of any attempt at a solution for fear of falling into the wrong one. Although, as Whitehead says, "the profound change in the world produced by the nineteenth century is that the growth of knowledge has given foresight," in the absence of any definite social aim our foresight is mainly exercised in seeing difficulties. We have the knowledge and the power—what we lack is an "all-embracing principle" of social theory. There are many disadvantages, to be sure, in this. Beliefs strongly held always result in repression and intolerance. Communism and fascism tend to become dogmatic and inflexible. But I think it necessary nevertheless in view of the present difficulties, that some effort be made to find a synthesis. Some form of socialized society, and the elimination of national rivalries in economics and politics seem obvious. In the international sphere, education can do a great deal. The creation of an international system and the maintenance of peace is largely an intellectual problem—that of seeing things rationally instead of through emotionally colored lenses. So long as we have never been educated to see any viewpoint but our own, the acceptance of necessary responsibilities and resistance against jingo propaganda are impossible.

In any consideration of this problem of education and its social function, there is always the danger that the individual be thought of simply as a citizen; and in the attempt to adjust people through education to society, uniformity of the creative instincts of man may easily gain ascendancy. Politics and economics in education are generally harmful because of this, and the tendency to use education in the interest of a party or a class, resulting in continued social injustice. This latter is also the chief reason why propaganda is such a dangerous weapon in a half-educated democracy. But this is true more of a society trying to maintain itself after its forms have become obsolete than of one in the process of reconstruction. Provided the reconstructive principles are in the interests of social justice rather than class warfare, are an adequate response to the new situation, the union of education and the social forces is justified, and necessary. Propaganda, moreover, is not necessarily an evil tool—it all depends upon the ends for which it is used. "Considered sub-specie alteritatis," says Bertrand Russell, "the education of the individual is to my mind a finer thing than the education of the citizen; but considered politically, in relation to the needs of the time, the education of the citizens must, I fear, take first place."

The ultimate aim of education is, no doubt, as in Mills' day, the creation of a race of men possessed of the relevant culture of the ages, sane, rational and mature in their outlook upon the fleeting show of life. If this ever be possible, it will certainly not be so until an equally rational social system gives the majority of people security and leisure wherein to possess themselves of it. Meanwhile, education remains a powerful social tool where-with to eradicate prejudice and condition an innocent younger generation into the paths of social virtue, provided we can first find some idea of what we would like to do. Being Anglo-Saxons, we probably shan't go about things that way at all, but go slowly, waiting for someone else to find and try out the ideas. If all this sounds as though my faith were that there is no truth and Karl Marx is its prophet, I shall merely apologize and close with a quotation from John Stuart Mill. If we simply substitute, say, Communism for Happiness morality, this might be considered subversive. He is trying to find sanctions for a rational morality.

Consequently the smallest germs of feeling are laid hold of and nourished by the contagion of sympathy and the influences of education; and a complete web of corroborative associations is woven round it, by the powerful agency of external sanctions. In an improving state the human mind, the influences are constantly on the increase, which tend to generate in each individual a feeling of unity with all the rest; which if perfect, would make him never think of, or desire, any beneficial condition for himself, in the benefits of which they are not included. If we now suppose this feeling of unity to be wrought as a religion, and the whole force of education, of institutions, and of opinion, directed as it once was in the case of religion, to make every person grow up from infancy surrounded on all sides both by the profession and the practice of it, I think that no one, who can realize this conception, will feel any misgivings about the sufficiency of the ultimate sanction for—the Happiness morality.

Fragments From "The Odyssey of Man"

There comes a sudden surging of my soul
Heaving and twisting like an angry sea
That swirls in tumult on a rocky shoal
Flinging wild spray in careless ecstasy.
Then I am borne by some mysterious force
Higher and higher till my heart must break.
Helpless I struggle, seek to change my course
Shackled, confined in every move I make.
Some half-forgotten song tears at my throat
Seeking to keep its melody awake.

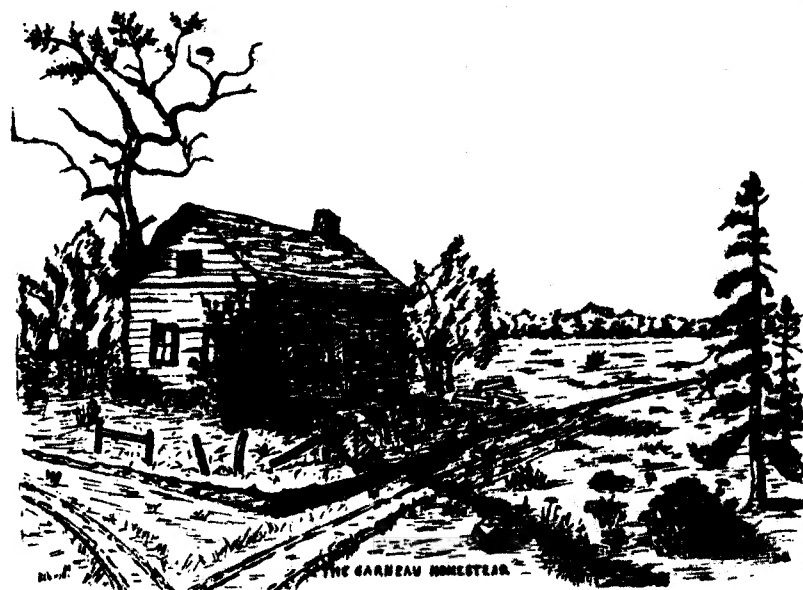
Closed are my lips and powerless my hands,
I leave my body's soul-confining space
Free from those strange humiliating strands
Which bind all beauty to the commonplace.
Out of the darkness I become a flame
Spreading a stronger, fiercer, brighter light
Than that one star by which the princes came
To pay their homage on that fateful night.
I too would bring my frankincense and myrrh
Had I the vision for so strange a sight.

Often amidst the new grass I have lain
Pressing my face against the fragrant earth
Fresh with the softness of some recent rain
Big with the promise of Spring's timely birth.
Then have I felt the magic of that breath
Which touches all, each living thing that grows
With which is life, without which always death.
So back and forth the endless battle goes,
So little do we know, so little learn.
But on the beauty of the first wild rose!

For I have sought you in so many ways
Counting the minutes in each fretful hour
Through age-long nights and long laborious days
Thinking in weakness to attract your power.
Crying your name with anguish and despair
Searching throughout the endless realms of space
Hoping to find you, knowing you are there
Seeking in vain to find the slightest trace
Of what perchance you are—but most of all
That in the darkness I might see your face.

Between us there have ever been such foils
Poor hopeless, helpless, sad, deluded things
With cast iron creeds and sanctimonious rules
And all the bigotry that such thought brings.
God of all ages I can feel your pain
To see the creatures who have cried your name
Weighed up your value for their little gain
And justified all means to keep their claim.
Hatred, deceit, all things unkind, untrue
Have been most done in honour of your name.

Poor man who lived two thousand years ago
Did you perhaps on some cool moonlit eve
Wonder if all your agony and woe
Would bear much fruit? Did you at heart believe
That in the future man would sing your song,
See with the vision of your fearless sight
Nor quibble over sin or wrongs or right?
Perhaps you felt the emptiness of doubt
And cried your heart out to the empty night.



A PEN PICTURE OF THE FIRST LOG CABIN IN GARNEAU
By Nettie Burkholder

Garneau, a French half-breed from the Red River, came into this country as a Guardsman in the first Riel Rebellion. He homesteaded on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, and built his cabin just west of the present site of the University.

THE DIGNITY OF SLOTH

Holy Scripture abounds in melancholy aphorisms, and of these perhaps the most melancholy of all is the one which warns us that we must reap what we have sown. While obviously no longer true in the strictly agricultural sense, at least in our own part of the world, in the moral and political spheres the axiom is still unfortunately valid, and our generation is now strenuously occupied in bringing in the sheaves of its forefathers, and garnering their cockles. The main theme of the harvesters at present seems to be social credit and economic discredit, but there is a more far-reaching aspect of our heritage which deserves attention.

When our energetic forebears were framing the industrial and capitalistic system in which we are at present entangled, they were confronted with a serious problem. The successful functioning of the factory system, and of the whole industrial scheme, demanded as a basic factor a sufficient measure of ambition of a purely economic type in the workman or wage-earner to make him not only willing, but anxious to sacrifice most of the pleasanter aspects of life and of leisure and to pledge himself to an existence in dirty, ugly surroundings, engaged in mono-

tonous or even hazardous toil, all for the sake of slightly higher wages. Now, man is not an animal normally addicted to toil. His inclinations are against it. His physical make-up is opposed to it; protracted exertion saps his energy. His religious convictions are opposed to it; the only day which he considers holy is the day of rest; moreover his Bible teaches him that work is the curse of the male, imposed as a penalty by an outraged divinity. It is true that the early Church Fathers had made an attempt to modify the doctrine of Genesis; St. Augustine, Gregory the Great, and St. Bernard had all announced that he who works, prays, but man in general found praying less wearing. It was a difficult situation for our grandfathers—too many of the potential working class seemed to agree with Homer that

"To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe."

with a distinct association of ideas between work and woe.

Our ancestors were dauntless souls, however, empire builders, bearers of the white man's burden, and they would not give up as long as the sun could set anywhere on the Empire. Industry must go on! They began patiently to break down the vulgar prejudice against work by a steady stream of propaganda from all sources—preacher, politician, and poet. Burns discovered that a man's man for a that; his successors sang the joy of work, while in America Longfellow invited his countrymen to "Taste the joy that springs from labour," and President Cleveland orated on "the dignity of labour," and the fact that honour lies in honest toil." Carlyle was a god-send to the industrial entrepreneur—"Work alone is noble," he proclaimed—and his insistence on the value of production for the sake of production is too well-known to be mentioned.

This campaign bore fruit. The wheels of industry sped unceasingly, the sun sought the Empire in vain for a place to set, white men assumed their burial.

(Continued on Page Four)

SOCIAL CREDIT

(Continued from Page Three)

dertaking the payments made may be divided into two groups: Groups A: Payments made to individuals—wages, salaries, and dividends; Group B: Payments made to other organizations, raw materials, bank charges, and "other external costs. The rate of distribution of purchasing power to individuals is represented by A, but since all payments go into prices, the rate of generation of prices cannot be less than A plus B. Since A will not purchase A plus B, a proportion of the product at least equivalent to B must be distributed by a form of purchasing power which is not comprised in the description grouped under A."

Obviously, a retail merchant selling a sack of flour for one dollar should be recovering from the consumer his B costs—say, 80 cents to the wholesaler for the flour—plus his A costs—20 cents, representing that part of his wages expense allocated to one sack of flour. It is also obvious that his A payment, 20 cents, is insufficient to buy the whole sack of flour. But the 80 cents paid to the wholesaler represents the latter's B costs, paid to the miller, plus his A costs, wages and dividends paid in the wholesaler's business. If the analysis is carried back to the primary producer or farther, the final price of one dollar paid by consumers can be seen to be made up entirely of A payments to consumers by someone—farmer, miller, wholesaler or retailer. In other words, every cost in the process of manufacture represents an equal income in wages, rent, or interest, to consumers.

Of course, this is an oversimplification of the problem, based on the assumption that there is continuity in the production process. Should there be a reduction in A payments at any stage in production, as, for instance, when the miller is refused necessary bank credit and is forced to reduce wages or to throw men out of employment, the result is insufficient purchasing power to buy the flour currently offered for sale—flour in the price of which the full original A payments are embodied because it was produced in a period previous to the wage reductions. It is clear, then, that the maintenance of the A payments depends to some extent at least upon the total volume of bank credit maintained, but this does not prove that a "deficiency" is inherent in the present system.

The ambiguity of the "A plus B" theorem renders it susceptible of a number of interpretations. However, this technical discussion need not be continued ad nauseam. Suffice it to say that Gaiskill lists five possible interpretations and proves them all to be fallacious.

Douglas does not argue, as does the socialists, that deficiency of purchasing power results from maldistribution of wealth—that the poor are poor because the rich are rich. "The point we have to make is not that financial purchasing power is unsatisfactorily distributed, it is that, in its visible forms, it is collectively insufficient." ("Social Credit," page 82.) He disagrees with J. A. Hobson and others, that a general lack of purchasing power results from an excessive production of capital goods (machinery, factories, raw materials, etc.) because of an undue amount of saving and investment on the part of the rich. Douglas also takes it for granted that the money saved will be actually invested in the production of capital goods. Whereas a number of economists (notably J. M. Keynes) show that a "deficiency" may arise because the purchasing power represented by savings may become, at least temporarily, "sterilized" when these savings are not immediately invested in the creation of new works, and consequently are not immediately given out as A payments to workers in capital goods industries. During a depression there is little incentive to build new works and fewer loans are floated for this purpose. Purchasing power tends to accumulate and become sterilized in savings deposits which may not be used as the basis of an expansion of credit because of the reduced effective demand for loans.

This is an extremely inadequate treatment of the theoretical basis of social credit. However, there seems to be little direct connection between Major Douglas's theory and his proposed methods of remedying the chronic deficiency of purchasing power. Whatever the cause of the deficiency, we may infer from the Douglas analysis, it bears little relationship to the cures he suggests.

But there is no reason why we should not consider Major Douglas's reform proposals on their own merits, regardless of weakness or irrelevance in his theory.

III.—THE DOUGLAS PROPOSALS

There are distinguishable two principal features of the Douglas proposals: (1) the monetization of the nation's real wealth or creation of national credit as a basis for the distribution of consumers' goods and services among the people, and (2) the compensated or "just" price concept. The first involves social or state control of the monetary system, as opposed to the present virtual monopoly of credit enjoyed by the banking and financial element of the population. (Strangely enough, Douglas objects to the effects of the profit motive in the banking business, but sees nothing particularly wrong with it in other branches of business activity!) In his "Draft Scheme for Scotland" he proposes that a money valuation be placed upon the capital assets (public and private) of Scotland and to this sum is to be added the commercial capitalized value of the population. In the initial stages of the scheme, an arbitrary figure, such as one per cent. of the sum so computed shall be declared available for dividends each year, an equal share going to "every man, woman and child of Scottish birth and approved length of residence." This issue of consumers' credit is to be supplemented by subsidies of credit to producers, the state guaranteeing them costs plus an average profit when the just price is set at a figure insufficient to recover costs including profit.

Issuance of a bank loan creates purchasing power, which is again destroyed when the loan is repaid. The national dividend being an outright gift and not a loan, its issuance year after year would cause a cumulative increase in the amount of money or credit in circulation unless some method of recall would be applied. Major Douglas cannily refuses to lay down a method of procedure, but many Douglasites indicate a preference for income tax or other direct taxation methods of recall. Obviously, the power of a government to pay out social credit pensions to its citizens must rest, in the last analysis, on its power to tax back the wealth of its citizens for that purpose, and for the maintenance of government services as is done at present. If it is hoped, by issuance of social credit, to establish a more equitable distribution of wealth, there seems to be no proof that the same result cannot be achieved more simply by the direct taxation method (e.g., by steeply-graduated income and inheritance taxes), combined with a more effective control of the volume of credit in relation to the requirements of industry as a whole.

Price control is to be effected under the authority of the state—presumably by a commission. The formula for determining the just price may be expressed as "retail prices shall bear the same relation to cost as consumption does to production." If the cost value of total consumption (including capital depreciation and exports) is, say, three-fourths of the money value of total production (including capital appreciation and imports), the just price will be three-fourths of cost (the producer, as before stated, being protected from loss by a grant of credit to make up the difference).

Even Douglas, in his theoretical analyses, does not conclude that the deficiency in purchasing power is caused by and is equal to the amount of new investment that takes place within a given period. Yet that is what this formula, i.e., the fraction "consumption divided by production" implies. In this day of insurance and investment companies, the national saving is a fairly constant proportion, year by year, of the national income—say, roughly, about twenty per cent. People spend on consumers' goods, then, about eighty per cent. of their income, and the twenty per cent. saved is (theoretically) spent on producers' or capital goods. Does this mean that prices on consumers' goods should be reduced to eighty per cent. of cost? By no means. If there is no radical change in the saving and spending habits of the people, producers' goods and consumers' goods should continue to be turned out approximately in the ratio of the effective demands for them, namely, 20:80—the ratio of saving to spending. No deficiency need occur.

Here, however, a disturbing factor enters in (at least one!). Although the rate of saving is fairly constant, the rate of actual investment under the existing system certainly is not; it varies widely from year to year. Savings may lie idle in the banks during one period, without being utilized for productive purposes and placed in circulation as purchasing power, while in another period they may be used as the basis of an extravagant expansion of credit. The just price formula is of no assistance here, but a strong case can be built up for social control of both central and commercial banking functions to regulate the flow of credit into industry and its allocation to the various industries. In short, a case for national planning and regulation of production and distribution, preferably but perhaps not necessarily as a function of the socialized state.

Douglas gives little attention to the practical difficulties of price control. Price regulation such as the just price implies would require accurate and immediately available information as to cost and quality far beyond the power of any government to secure, at least at the present stage of social organization. The prices to be investigated would be those of retail goods—of literally millions of articles of varying types and grades of quality. In addition, if costs to producers are to be guaranteed, at least for a period of five years, there will be little incentive to increase efficiency in production, nor will producers be concerned to alter production in conformity with changing needs and desires of consumers. There would need to be a commission of some sort to ensure that industrialists would produce what people want.

There is a considerable amount of grain amid the chaff of the Douglas proposals. Unfortunately, if put into effect, they would have many results not foreseen by Major Douglas. The great increase in purchasing power contemplated in the scheme would have inflationary effects, although the tendency for prices to rise would be counteracted by the just price mechanism if it could be made effective. Prices would have to fall before producers' credits would be issued, and credits would be cut off if prices did rise; consequently the inflation at least would not be cumulative. The fact that the banks are to remain in business, issuing loans to producers, is an added complication. If for any reason the government did cut off or reduce credits, the result would not be far different, probably, from the refusal of banks to renew loans, namely, a tendency toward cumulative deflation and collapse. The psychological element bulks large in the problem. Could the system be established without causing a panic?

IV.—THE ALBERTA PLAN

A discussion of social credit would be incomplete without some reference to the "defenders of the faith" in Alberta. Mr. Aberhart has drawn up a plan for Alberta based, he maintains, on Douglas principles. However, representatives of the Douglas Social Credit League and Douglas himself have repudiated the Aberhart scheme, and Aberhart adherents now evince a trust in Alberta brains rather than in the imported variety. This doctrine of self-sufficiency in brain-power, together with that of economic independence often propounded by Alberta "social creditors," can scarcely be

termed "nationalism." Perhaps "provincialism" would be an apposite term. Having heard Mr. Aberhart and others discuss his plan, and having read various tracts kindly mailed to us by Mr. Aberhart in response to a request for details of his plan, we are forced to conclude that even Douglas recognizes implications in monetary matters that are dreamed of in the philosophy of William Aberhart. The scheme seems to be a variant of the popular and recurrent fallacy that the way to make a nation rich is to increase its stock of paper money—a procedure that is "like trying to get fat by buying a bigger belt," as J. M. Keynes remarked in his open letter to President Roosevelt a year ago. The proponents of the scheme, probably sincere in their beliefs and with the best of motives in many cases, recite harrowing details of the evils of our financial and economic system, to prove, it seems, the merits of their system to their audiences (with considerable success, it must be admitted). Any benighted individual who presumes to question the essential truth and beauty of social credit doctrines is likely to be inundated with a flood of fallacious argument or verbal fireworks. Social credit speakers often introduce most interesting, novel, and even awe-inspiring technical details into their expositions of the system.

The provincial "credit-house" is to issue "basic" dividends in the form of "non-negotiable" (?) certificates by \$25.00 a month to every adult British citizen, male or female, in the province—a \$300.00 yearly pension to each of (about) 400,000 residents, or a total issue of 120 millions of dollars of consumers' credits a year. The "just price" mechanism is to prevent inflation. In addition, credit loans (not subsidies) are to be issued to producers, to be repaid excepting in the case of crop failure, or similar disasters. The question of recall of the consumers' credits is usually "soft peddled," possibly because exponents of the scheme have very inadequate ideas as to the necessity for taxation to enable the treasury to honor social credit cheques on notes it has issued with some valid claim on wealth outside as well as inside the province—that is, to honor its obligations in Canadian legal tender or its equivalent. In order that the amount of social credit in circulation shall not increase cumulatively as new certi-

ificates are issued, Mr. Aberhart has suggested that each individual's unspent credit balance shall be cancelled at the end of the year, but in order that the holder shall not lose, he is to be given the privilege of buying government bonds with that balance.

Mr. Aberhart and his disciples become lost in a maze of technical difficulties here. In the first place, the credit balances to be cancelled at the end of the year would total 120 millions of dollars—the amount of social credit issued. If no part of the issue is to be taxed back by cancellation or other methods, bonds to the total of 120 millions must be issued. That is, the provincial debt is to be thereby increased by that amount yearly. In the second place, a provincial government attempting to issue each year claims against its treasury to the amount of 120 millions "plus" in the shape of cheques, demand notes or "non-negotiable" certificates—and other 120 millions in "long-term" obligations (bonds)—would find its credit falling a thousand degrees below "zero." The province's "paper" in any form would be worth less than a cent on the dollar in terms of Canadian legal tender or its equivalent.

No. If social credit certificates are to be worth more than scrap-paper, the treasury must show a prospective income from taxation approximately equal to disbursements.

Social credit speakers make much use of a chart on which the flow of credit—the bloodstream of the state—is likened to the circulation of the blood in the human body. By its circulation from hand to hand, a social credit dollar will do the work of hundreds before it comes home to roost in the provincial treasury and is cancelled (apparently without cost to either the government or the previous "holder in due course"). An issue of ten millions, therefore, completing the circuit monthly, will serve to provide consumers with 120 millions of purchasing power in a year! One might expect such conclusions from the physiological approach to the problem. And after hearing a speaker's discourse on Alberta's external trade operations under social credit, we gathered our few scattered wits together to wonder vaguely from what physiological system he had gained his knowledge of foreign trade and exchange!

There are many points of similarity

between medical and economic "quacks." Both are typical "cranks"—prone to oversimplify the problem. The quack doctor is apt to prescribe one general method of treatment for every ailment from tonsillitis to athlete's foot, while the monetary crank has also an universal remedy—monetary reform—with which to cure our economic ills regardless of their complicated causes—economic nationalism with all its restrictions on trade, war debts and reparations, competitive armament, capitalistic exploitation, etc., etc. Without doubt we need sane monetary reform and should work toward it to the best of our ability, but we must also give due attention to these other factors, national and international, which together are far more influential than the monetary factor in our economic affairs.

Social credit has without doubt a strong popular appeal—an appeal to the desire for "something for nothing" that seems to be a fundamental weakness in human character. One might feel compunction for attempting to destroy such a naive belief in Santa Claus were it not certain that numbers of people possess a powerful "Will to Believe" that effectively nullifies any such attempt.

Luckily, there is little danger that a social credit act embodying such an insane policy of public finance will ever be put into effect in this or any Canadian province. Its terms would probably be contrary to the B.N.A. Act and the Canadian Bank Act, and consequently it would be declared ultra vires. Even failing this, the federal government has power to appoint an administrator to supersede any provincial government that attempts measures injurious to the credit of Canada.

The Dignity of Sloth

(Continued from Page Three)

dens in darkest Africa, and the benefits of Christianity, Manchester cottons, Brummagem trinkets, and Jamaica rum were broadcast to the most backward of races. And the only begetter of these marvels, the British workman, suffered the grime, and the undernourishment, and the slum housing, conscious of his own dignity and the dignity of his toil.

But Biblical aphorisms are not to be flouted. As work became desirable, as the honest son of toil became apothecized, as production for the sake of production became revered in the land, converse doctrines of the ignobility of idleness, of the turpitude of the idle rich, of the anti-social qualities of the parasitic consumer became articles of popular faith. The Grasshopper and the Ant became a marching song. No longer would a mob cry for bread and games, it insisted on work. There is no dignity to bread and games. As a result we are now faced with an awkward situation: we have taught the masses that work is to be desired in itself, and there is no work; that production is the only vital function, and there is too much production already; that idleness is a disgrace, and we have only idleness to offer them. The remedy would seem to lie in further propaganda. We must get poets to sing the praises of sloth, the dignity and honour of complete idleness, the value of consumption without production to a state encumbered with goods. We must teach men once more to value that soft etiolated whiteness of the hand which has been replaced as a sign of nobility by that hardened, horny, calloused palm now tendered as the sign manual of one of Nature's noblemen. We must revive Milton, and sing in every schoolroom, "They also serve who only stand and wait"—it might even be well to substitute "sit" for "stand"—and we must preach sermons on "Retired Leisure, that in trim gardens takes his pleasure." Politicians must thunder from their lofty stations the words of Thomson: "The best of men have ever loved repose," and preachers may foster an all-embracing revival of religious sentiment by revising the words of Augustine into the text: "To pray is to work." Surely there is some of the old Adam left, some lingering race-memory of a distasteful toil. I feel it stir in me at times.

The only misgiving which I feel in recommending this course of action to the governors of our realm is a lurking fear that, just when our propaganda takes effect and the humble worker once more slinks to his toil disgraced, while honest sloth passes by on silken cushions, a new industrial boom might occur and create a serious problem, and our descendants find themselves bringing in our sheaves and garnering our cockles, striving to create industry where only sloth is honoured.

AREOPERIMETER.

Theatre and the Social Ideal

By Eric Johnson

Much has been said and written during the last forty years or so about the effectiveness of the theatre as a social weapon. Aestheticians may quarrel as to the legitimacy of such a purpose, but after all a vital theatre can and does exist in spite of them, if the ideal be but strong enough. That drama has power to mould the forces of public opinion seems indisputable. By this means human situations can be set before ordinary people in such a way that a new meaning and a new significance are attached to them. This significance would ordinarily be lost in the daily routine of the business life. It would seem, then, that with the proper combination of skill and inspiration very effective pleas can be made from the stage of a theatre for the necessity of certain social changes in religion and morals, politics and law. A powerful political play has been known to bring a whole audience to its feet, applauding the expression of a new political faith. It may be objected that the ideas involved had been long fermenting and would blow the lid off sooner or later in any case. That may be true, but the theatre can do much to see that the emphasis is placed on the "sooner" aspect of the situation. The most striking example that one calls to mind is, of course, the Russian Theatre of the Revolution in Moscow. The success of the socialistic experiment depends upon the willingness of the mass of the people to believe in it. The Soviet has discovered that it has at its command the means of fostering this belief. It is the immense fund of spiritual resource which lies back of the National Theatre. Artists of the theatre like Meyerhold, Danchenka, Gorki and Sokoloff, have consecrated their lives to an ideal. As this ideal has manifested itself in their productions, so has it taken a firm hold upon the imagination of the throngs of people who have witnessed the performances. The theatre is part of the Russian national life, keeping ever before the masses the "myth of the leader killed and the revolutionary mass sweeping on."

The Russians have found that social service can combine with art to their own satisfaction. We may not accept the ideal which this theatre feels impelled to serve, but we cannot deny that it is founded on a real spiritual force. We, on the whole, have a tendency to mistrust a fine art which may become "the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective means of propaganda in the world." It is practically impossible to persuade the greater part of the English-speaking people to take their theatre seriously. Mr. Shaw tried very hard over a considerable period of years to do so; but, generally speaking, when we visit the theatre we still leave our consciences and brains at home just as another generation did in 1902, even though the prayer-book has been superseded by Lenz on bridge. One supposes that the movies have done a great deal to defeat the purpose of the playwright with the social conscience. At any rate, as Mr. Nathan has suggested, most people do go to the theatre to be satisfied rather than to be surprised. The satisfaction thus obtained is usually so completely passive that anything in the nature of a surprise is out of the question. Yet even the movies have but carried to extremes the musical comedy revue motif which appears to be the underlying theme of American theatre art. This theatre has become essentially a place for relaxation and "amusement" where truly, many are the foolish looks brought to the faces of many people. Perhaps it is a good thing. Perhaps the theatre is not meant to be taken seriously. But the American theatre, or any theatre for that matter, can never become really great until it becomes an expression of belief in the endurance of spiritual values. There have been, in America, one or two voices, crying passionately for a hearing; but their message has been lost in a welter of confused ideas and motives. Even now small groups are springing up shaping their theatre among themselves, strong by virtue of the idea which sustains the will to create. It is only when the theatre is creative that it is powerful. A modern American playwright has expressed the hope that the theatre of this country "can play an important part in creating the new myth that has got to replace the imperialist prosperity myth if the machinery of American life is ever to be gotten under social control. If the theatre doesn't become a transformer for the deep high tension currents of history, it's deadlier than cockfighting."

THE HALL OF FAME



ROBERT CHARLES WALLACE
M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.G.S., F.R.C.S.

The Orkney Isles in 1881

Basked in the brilliance of another son,
For here it was on some pretentious morn
Our Dr. Wallace, Robert Charles, was born.
History records not when he crossed the seas
To Edinburgh for his first degrees.
By now he has acquired quite a lot
And some at least at Göttingen he got.
Thus well equipped with wisdom's lavish store
He spurned the confines of his native shore,
Knowing full well that there are larger yields
From greener and of course more distant fields.
Thus Canada flung wide her waiting arms
And fell a victim to his Celtic charms.
In 1910 all Manitoba stirred
And hung expectant on his every word.
Geology he preached with so much force
He headed the Department in due course.
Then he engaged in Manitoba's fights
And pledged himself to guard her mineral rights.
The which he did with obvious success
And Flin Flon blossomed in the wilderness.
Then fired with zeal replete with eager zest
He viewed new pastures which were farther west
And that is why Alberta had to wait
Until the fall of 1923

When he assumed with his accustomed bent
Alberta's burdens as her president.
Safe has he ridden the tempestuous sea
Of social squalls and social bigotry.
But Prohibition stalks our stately halls,
"No Smoking" signs refresh our barren walls
And those who toil six days are now impressed
That on the seventh they are forced to rest.
For to the anxious he has thrown the boon,
No games on Sunday till the crack of noon.
Yet little things must be conceived as such
For in big things he has accomplished much.
A sense of humour has done much to hide
The latent firmness of his dourer side.
For with convictions of a rugged Scot
Once his mind's made it will not change a jot.
Well has he laboured to establish Truth
And borne the banner of deserving Youth.
In short, we like him and respect his ways
And what he's done in these so troubled days.

The Islands

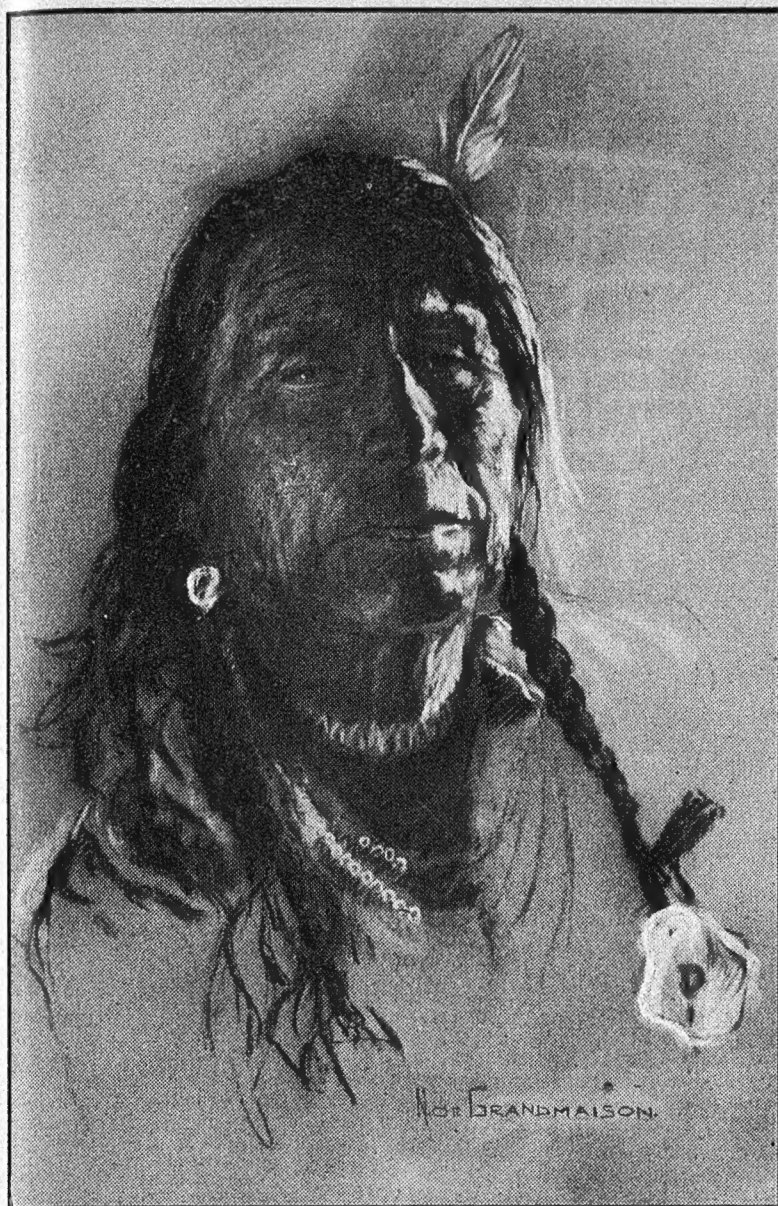
Out of the main the Islands roll,
Lifting their backs like a porpoise-shoal;
The surf runs snarling in on the beaches
And, drifting over the windy reaches,
The white gulls circle and swoop and cry
And watch the little black ships go by
Between the sea and the windy sky.

Royal are the Island names, and sweet:
Big Vancouver and small Lasquiti,
Galaxo and Gonzales,
Texada low in the long sea-ways. . .
These and a thousand more beside
Echo the voice of the restless tide,
Perilous names, and names of pride.

But the spell of the Islands, who shall name?
Arbutus brighter than wind-whipped flame
By golden noon and by velvet night;
Red arbutus and lilacs white.
And sombre darkness of cedar-wings
And dogwood foaming in Island springs
Weave a magic of beautiful things.

Under the sun, under the sky,
The Islands dream as the years drift by.
And sure at the end of my faring forth
The Island magic of south-in-north
Will trouble my heart with a vagrant pain
Till I know that my Odyssey was vain
And turn from the world's rim, home again.

—ARTHUR MAYSE, in the U.B.C. "Totem."



CHIEF SQUIRREL TAIL
By N. de Grandmaison

This is one of the University's treasures. It is the work of a Russian artist trained in various European schools. His method follows the classical examples of Watteau and Boucher. These vivid masterly delineations of the Redmen have won for M. de Grandmaison an international reputation.—Lent by courtesy of University Library.

"REEL A QUATRE"

E. A. Corbett

"Sure to be a good crowd tonight, because theys a dance after yer lecture. Whoa! Got a match? This darnation corduroy road liken to shake my gizzard loose.

"Yep; they got old man Peters and his daughter for an orchestra and Jimmy Taylor to call the dances. You stick around till about midnight when the boys git warmed up proper, and you'll see some shufflin'."

With these words my host, an old Indiana-Alberta farmer, pulled up his log-eared mules in the shelter of a log school-house, and we climbed stiffly down from the springless wagon in which we had just completed a body-racking voyage of ten miles over a road made up at intervals of muskies, stumps and large stretches of corduroy. The small building was already nearly filled with people, but one could still see them coming over the two trails north and west, leading away from the school, which served as church and community centre as well. Some were on foot, many on horseback, while large families were jumbled together in huge crashing farm wagons or dish-wheeled democrats.

Inside the building there was an atmosphere of expectation. Twenty or thirty children in the front seats, pushed about and giggled with delight at the prospect of moving pictures. Mothers with small babies sat on the deal benches at the back near the stove; and at the door stood a number of very young men swanking cigarettes and trading badinage with young ladies of their own age. The older men, as the custom is, stayed outside and talked shop until the last minute.

As a representative of the Extension Department of the University of Alberta, I had been invited to visit the district and give a lecture on some subject that would—to quote the application—interest, entertain and educate the people. No easy task, the reader will admit. For the sake of the children, many of whom had never seen a "movie," I had brought along a moving-picture machine and eight reels of film; a judicious selection of educational and comic features. This part of the entertainment over, the children were moved to the rear and we had an hour's discussion of a subject of close interest to the older people and their problems as community leaders.

My work, therefore, was over at 11 o'clock, and I was at liberty to watch and enjoy what followed. Benches and chairs were pushed back and arranged around the wall. Babies were stowed away in apple-boxes and bundles of coats at the end of the building, and the decks were thus cleared for action. Women, fat and lean, old and young, ranged themselves on the seats around the wall, while the young men, in a milling group about the door, looked them over and made mental notes as to the disposal of their dances.

And now the "orchestra" began to tune up. A raw-boned English maiden of fifty took the stool at the wheezy little "cabinet organ" and began to sound certain chords in a vague way, while her father, with anxious air, alternately loosened and tightened the strings of his violin. After ten minutes of grievous caterwauling the old man appeared satisfied, and with a dash they were off. The raw-boned lady, with fiercely pedalling legs and flying fingers, sent the gasping organ into an endless four movement vamp which with variations would have served equally well for any tune. On this occasion the old man, with fiddle firmly fixed in the crook of his long arm, and with one foot beating time, launch-

ed into the "Irish Washerwoman."

"Choose yer partner for a Kudrille," shouted Jimmy Taylor who, with freshly-shaved neck and Sunday clothes, had taken his stand solemnly on the platform beside the orchestra.

And now, in three groups of eight, the melee began. To one unaccustomed to this sort of dance, it is marvellous how the involved movements are carried through. In a raucous voice the "caller" directs the formations. Keeping time with the music, he roars out his commands in a rough sort of rhyme, and woe betide the man who loses his head and fails to "follow through"; he is likely to be trampled under foot.

"Balance yer pardners one and all And gran right on left around the hall.

Promenade round in a single file, Lady in the lead in the Injun style. Ladies bow low and gents bow under, Couple up tight and swing like thunder."

And such swinging! With a whoop of delight, the cave man clutches his woman and they swing till her feet leave the floor. There are faint screams from the women and loud shouts from the men; then, gasping for breath, they wait the next command:

"Lady round the gent and the gent goes so, And the lady round the gent and the gent don't go, Leave the lady and home you go, Opposite the gent with a do-se-do. Lady round the lady and the gent goes so, Lady round the gent and the gent don't go."

Was there ever such gaiety! Old men and women, middle-aged and flappers tore into the dance as if inspired. Enthusiasm mounted higher. With straight back, eyes set, and her head thrown back like a runner, the organist pedalled his way to triumph. Her father of eighty had thrown off his years with his coat, and fiddled like one inspired. And now Jimmy Taylor, as the signal for the curtain, sprang into the fray himself and from the whirling crowd sent out the last call of the dance:

"Jump straight up and never come down, And swing that calico round and round."

With impassioned shouts the sturdy sweating males sprang high in the air cracking their heels together before coming down, and putting all their energy into the last swing, whirling their panting partners off the floor till the air seemed full of flying heels.

Other dances followed, of course, till the first streaks of dawn began to appear in the heavens. But the fine frenzy of that first quadrille I shall never forget.

"Great sport, Mr. Harris," I remarked as we bumped on our way homeward. That will cheer them up for a week."

"Sure—that's right! It's one way to fergit wheat at 30 cents a bushel, eggs at 12 cents a dozen, and boots at \$8.00 a pair. If it w'ant for the odd dance and an occasional visit from you fellows, we'd all go batty, I guess.

"Yep, good sport, sure enough, but ye know that old man Peters ain't fiddlin' so good as he use ter do. Gittin' stiff, I guess.

"Well, here we are. Just you turn in and git some sleep. Me? I'm going to round up the cows."

ABYSSINIA

Stuart Shaw

The recent disturbances in East Africa have drawn the attention of the world to the Abyssinian Empire. A long standing feud with Italy seems to have reached the breaking point; and at any time the world may witness a struggle between the newly-formed Fascist state and one of the most ancient of the world's monarchies. An almost inevitable result of such a struggle would be the disappearance of a remarkably interesting state.

Abyssinia is a singularly inaccessible country. Most of its vast territory is mountainous, with few passes and with rivers too rapid for navigation. To the north and east lie the deserts of the Soudan and Somaliland, while the southern and western frontiers may only be approached through Central African jungles. Isolated behind these barriers, the Abyssinian nation has conserved a peculiar heritage, the product of the mixing of the native African tribes with Egyptian, Greek and Jewish immigrants.

The history of Abyssinia can be traced back for nearly four thousand years. It was well known to the ancient Egyptians, whose colonists and merchants introduced the first elements of civilization. Later it was part of the kingdom of Ethiopia, which flourished about 800 B.C. The real history of the country begins in the fourth century B.C., when Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Greek ruler of Egypt, established Macedonian colonies in the country, the most important being Adulis on the Red Sea coast and Axum (Aexum) in the interior. Axum became the nucleus of a new Abyssinian kingdom and its Greek rulers extended their authority over the negro tribes. They were reinforced by great numbers of Jews, who fled to this remote region after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The inter-marriage of these Jews with the hybrid Greek of Axum produced the Amharic race, the aristocracy of Abyssinia, from whom for centuries have come the kings, nobles and priests of the empire. During the fourth century, the kingship became hereditary in a Jewish family, who claimed descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. This family has held the throne ever since, a unique record.

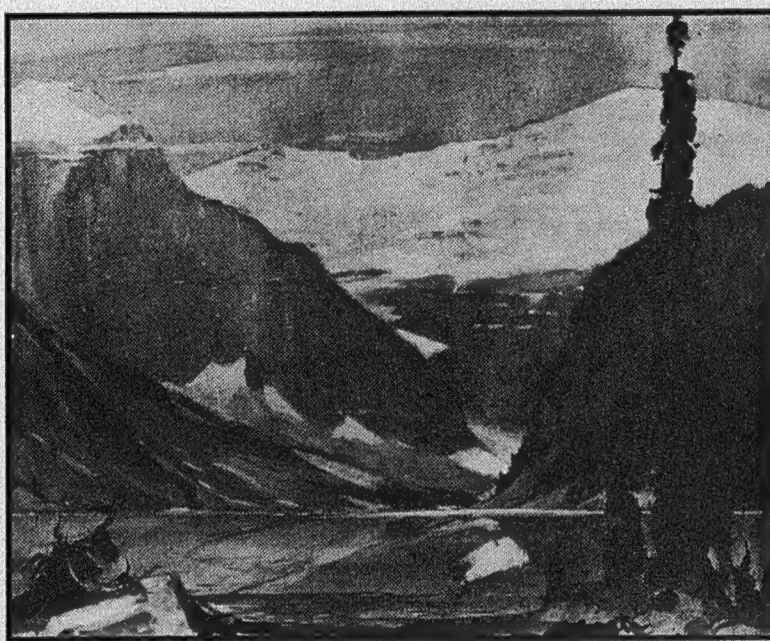
The Abyssinians believe that their ancestors were converted to Christianity by St. Mark. However this may be, the Eoptic or Egyptian form of Christianity was established in the fourth and fifth centuries. At that time, Abyssinia was a formidable empire, including the Red Sea coasts, much of the Soudan and a large part of Southern Arabia. It was a valued ally of the Roman Empire, and a scourge to the Arabs and the Persians. It could probably be described as a "Great Power."

Then in the seventh century came the storm of Islam. The conquering armies of the new religion overran Arabia and Egypt. Abyssinia, reduced to its present limits, found itself surrounded, an island of Christianity in a sea of Mohammedanism. Its old isolation increased tenfold, and for a thousand years it was cut off from all contact with the civilized world. Its history was a record of internal war and of successful efforts to repel the attacks of Nubians, Arabs and Turks. There was a brief interlude in the sixteenth century when Portuguese explorers and Jesuit missionaries entered the country. A force of Portuguese helped the emperor defeat an invading Arab army. But the attempts of the Jesuits to convert the Abyssinians to Catholicism resulted in the expulsion of all Europeans, and Abyssinia again disappeared from the ken of Christendom.

In the nineteenth century European expansion finally penetrated into Africa. Traders followed the explorers, and behind the traders came the soldiers and administrators of the great colonizing powers. Within two generations Africa was neatly partitioned off among the six nations. It seemed inevitable that Abyssinia should become a conquered colony like Egypt and Algeria. Indeed, as early as 1868, the imprisonment of a British diplomatic agent and some traders by the Emperor

But sleep refused to come. Instead, my brain kept singing:

"Now swing the one that looks so sweet, Now swing the one with them big feet, Now swing the one with the funny bone, Now swing the one you call yer own."



LAKE LOUISE

By A. C. Leighton, R.B.A.

Sense of structure, majesty and mystery characterise this accomplished water-colour drawing. This artist's firm decisive draughtsmanship, large treatment of masses and sensitiveness to rhythm of form and atmospheric tone follow the best traditions of the great English school. Mr. Leighton, after a thorough and extensive training in England, came to Calgary some years ago as Director of Art Teaching in the Provincial Institute of Technology. His summer sketching classes have attracted students from great distances.—Lent by courtesy of Dr. R. C. Wallace.

Theodore led to war with Great Britain. A British punitive expedition invaded Abyssinia, stormed Magdala, the then capital, and deposed Theodore.

The British withdrew, after placing on the throne an emperor, John by name, who was more friendly towards them. But in the eighties the situation became critical. Italy established herself on the coast, carving out of the deserts the colonies of Aritrea and Italian Somaliland. The French and the British had the rest of the Red Sea coast, but it was the Italians who were the danger. They were new in the colonial game and eager to show off their newly-united nation by annexing Abyssinia and thus acquiring an African empire equal to that of the other powers. Their commander in Eritrea, Baratieri, seized several towns belonging to the empire. He attacked and subdued several frontier tribes, and intrigued with powerful nobles hostile to the emperor. For a time there was open war, and the Abyssinian army was defeated. To add to the dangers of the situation, the Dervish tribes of the Soudan, under the leadership of the Mahdi, invaded the northern province of the empire. There was savage border fighting, and in 1885 the Emperor John was defeated and slain.

Fortunately for Abyssinia, she had during this crisis an exceedingly able ruler. Menelik II came to the throne in 1886. He commenced his reign by restoring order in the north and repelling the Dervish hordes. Then he addressed himself to the Italian danger. He was well aware that his half-civilized kingdom and his primitive army stood no chance against a disciplined European army. So he "stalled for time" and signed the humiliating "Ucciali treaty" which gave Italy a virtual protectorate over the country. For the next eight years the Emperor busied himself in consolidating his power over the interior, checking the great "rases" (hereditary provincial governors or sub-kings) and suppressing banditry. He intrigued cleverly with France, which was then on very bad terms with Italy, and obtained undercover assistance in the form of military experts and modern rifles. Finally in 1896 he repudiated the Ucciali treaty. Italy immediately declared war.

What followed astonished the whole world. Encouraged by some border successes, Baratieri advanced towards Addis Ababa with 20,000 men. He despised his enemy, and his army marched forward recklessly in widely separated divisions. Menelik caught them off guard at Adowa, and swooped down suddenly with 90,000 men. The Italian army was almost annihilated. Only a remnant got back to the coast.

Adowa shocked the whole world. For the first time in centuries a powerful, well-equipped European army had been defeated by mere "natives." Possibly future historians will date the decline of the white man's domination in Asia and Africa from that battle. Certainly it thoroughly dampened Italian ardor for conquest. They were glad to make peace and to recognize Abyssinian independence.

In the forty years that have passed since Adowa, Abyssinia has progressed slowly but considerably. Menelik himself confined his modernization activities to his army. His son, Lij Kassu, was a distinct reactionary, who made the fatal error of leaning towards Mohammedanism. For this blunder he was deposed in 1916. His cousin, Ras Tafari, the present ruler, was regent until 1932, when he had himself proclaimed emperor under the title of Haile Selassie ("Power of the Trinity").

The present emperor is described by visitors to his remote kingdom as a man of great ability and energy. He was educated at a French mission school, and has a distinctly western outlook. He has tried to introduce modern civilization into Abyssinia, but he has been warned by the fate of such rash innovations as Amanullah of Afghanistan, and he has been very cautious. Nevertheless his achievements have been considerable. He induced the French to build a railway from their port of Djibouti on the Red Sea to Addis Ababa. He has built a few roads. To celebrate his coronation, he had electric light installed in his capital, paved some of the principal streets, and bought himself an enormous motor car. He issued a decree in 1923 abolishing slavery and making slave-raiding a capital offence. He has not yet ventured to make any provision for the general education of his subjects, but he has followed the Japanese custom and sent promising young men

YOUTH

By A. P. Kent

With apologies to D.H.L. and the Reading Public. People are looking, not to youth, but at youth, And what they see is not so reassuring. They see youth well weighted down With all the weights that pulled down on them, And warped their yielding minds and bodies As something heavy long on long lumber Bends it into crooked uselessness, Making it unfit for worthy use, Or at best for the making of odds and ends.

Some say that the fault is in us, That the only weight bending us is our own, That we warp not like lumber weighed down But rather like lumber not propped up. So they try to prop us up but fail, Because talk is airy substance And youth is corporeal.

Youth is impatient with its elders, Not because they have made a mess of things, But because they go on making a worse mess And refuse to take heed of common sense. It is nothing to make a mistake, But it is something to go on repeating it.

Youth cannot change the existing order, But it knows the order needs to be changed Because it has no place for youth in it, And this doesn't seem just or natural, For if youth isn't worth anything, what is?

It seems to be a universal rule That everything must lack something important. We who are young and criticise Lack the chance and ability to do anything. We have only one virtue, And that is, willingness to take a chance. Our elders have the change to do something, But they lack the willingness to accept it; They are afraid to create a new order, Because—well, it might not work— And what would become of them? For that matter, what will become of them anyway? For the present system won't work. But then, will any system work? People being what they are . . .

Some countries are in a furore of systematization: They are making fools of themselves Because with them the system is all in all; Everything must bow down before the system. We don't want to follow this lead, But neither do we wish to continue as now, Derelicts drifting swiftly to Sargasso, Simply because there are no dollars and cents profits In towing us to the sea lanes.

We are urged not to blame the older people. Well, we wouldn't blame them so much If they'd frankly face their failure And stop patting us on the head And telling us what a privilege is ours To be living in such challenging times. We know well all they've done for us: The radio, telegraph, aeroplane and autograph, And even the autograph album. But of what use are these things When we have to sell our souls to get them? Even the wage-and-clock slaves who make them Only touch them in the factory.

Of course we're not completely abandoned; We aren't marry, but we can buy romance For twenty-seven cents (tax included) At a cooling-systemed moving picture palace, With Mickey-mouse thrown in by special permission Of the copyright owners. And, as yet, the government Has stoutly prevented financial magnates From syndicating the national air we breathe. And the sun and moon and stars we blink at, Are not yet done up in cellophane.

But with warm blood flowing swiftly through the veins, It's hard to be put on a diet, Especially in the midst of roaring commercialism. Signs stare out at us from all sides, And captions scream at us, Implying us to buy, Warning us that Johnson's is better than Jackson's, Almost making us forget That both Jackson's and Johnson's are diluted With inferior products and synthetic chemicals, And likely poisonous if taken in sufficient quantities.

Our very daily news has to be distorted And colored with lust and war and crime, So that the pop-eyed advertisers Will reach the greatest number of persons And everyone will profit but the readers.

Youth isn't whimpering for a silver spoon, Though it had almost been taught to expect one, But it would like to be faced With the prospect of respectable maturity. The world is not barren of supporting means, It is bursting with resources and power. It is only the head people Who are capable of better things, But continue to waste youth's inheritance And are failing in their trusteeship. If they'd cease murmuring caressing platitudes, And employ the talents God gave them To get busy and do something, Then youth would do its part too, And stop kicking its heels In complaining ineptitude. Verily.

to study in Europe and America. He has a private "brain trust" of his own, including an American doctor, a Norwegian engineer, and a German specialist in the prevention of tropical epidemics.

Despite his efforts, Abyssinia remains an extremely primitive land. Most of its twenty million inhabitants belong to self-sufficient tribal villages, raising enough grain and cattle to keep themselves alive, and living as their ancestors have for the past two thousand years. In many districts the authority of the emperor is weak, and the races are a law unto themselves. The emperor's anti-slavery decree is treated with scant respect; there are over a million slaves, according to League of Nations reports; and slave-raiding goes on constantly. The administration of justice is crude, and every village has its well-laden gallows. The priests and monks are ignorant and superstitious, but the church has a great hold on the people and they value their religion very highly.

The great danger to Abyssinia lies in its vast undeveloped wealth. Its climate and soil are ideal for raising sugar-cane and coffee, though little of either is raised at present. There is a rich supply of minerals, gold, platinum and copper, and in the south the scouts of the Standard Oil have found large oil deposits. With these riches it is natural that Abyssinia should attract the greedy eyes of the nations whose colonies surround it.

Italy, poorer than either France or Britain, is naturally the greediest of the three. Eritrea and Italian Somaliland are desolate wastes, and there is little doubt that they are retained merely as bases for a future advance into Abyssinia. In addition to the economic motives involved it is probable that Mussolini is seeking the political prestige that would follow the conquest

of Abyssinia. A successful but not too costly colonial war, wiping out the disgrace of the Adowa disaster, might go far towards satisfying the militaristic cravings he has aroused in the Italian people.

Abyssinia is wholly unprepared to meet Italy today. Owing to a stringent embargo on the import of arms into the empire through any of the surrounding colonies, it is impossible to obtain modern weapons, except for such rifles and machine-guns as Arab and Levantine gun-runners may smuggle in. The army is still largely a primitive levy armed with spears and ancient muskets. It is brave enough by all accounts, but quite unprepared to deal with aeroplanes, poison gas and long-range artillery. If war develops it is a foregone conclusion that the Italians will speedily occupy most of the country. They will probably, however, be faced with a persistent and dangerous guerilla warfare like that which has harassed the French in Morocco. The Abyssinians are fanatically patriotic, and would fight to the end.

An Italian advance would lead to international complications. Other nations have interests in Abyssinia. The French own the one railroad. The British are vitally concerned with the question of Abyssinian independence, since the Nile and the streams which feed it flow from the Abyssinian mountains.

An invading power, anxious to develop the country, might start irrigation projects that would seriously interfere with the flow of the Nile in Egypt and the Soudan. Therefore Britain would prefer that the country remain independent. A serious clash may occur if Mussolini goes too fast. Abyssinia is far away from the civilized world, but it may prove another Sarajevo.

